

MONEY AND BANKING.

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICAN HISTORY.

By HORACE WHITE.

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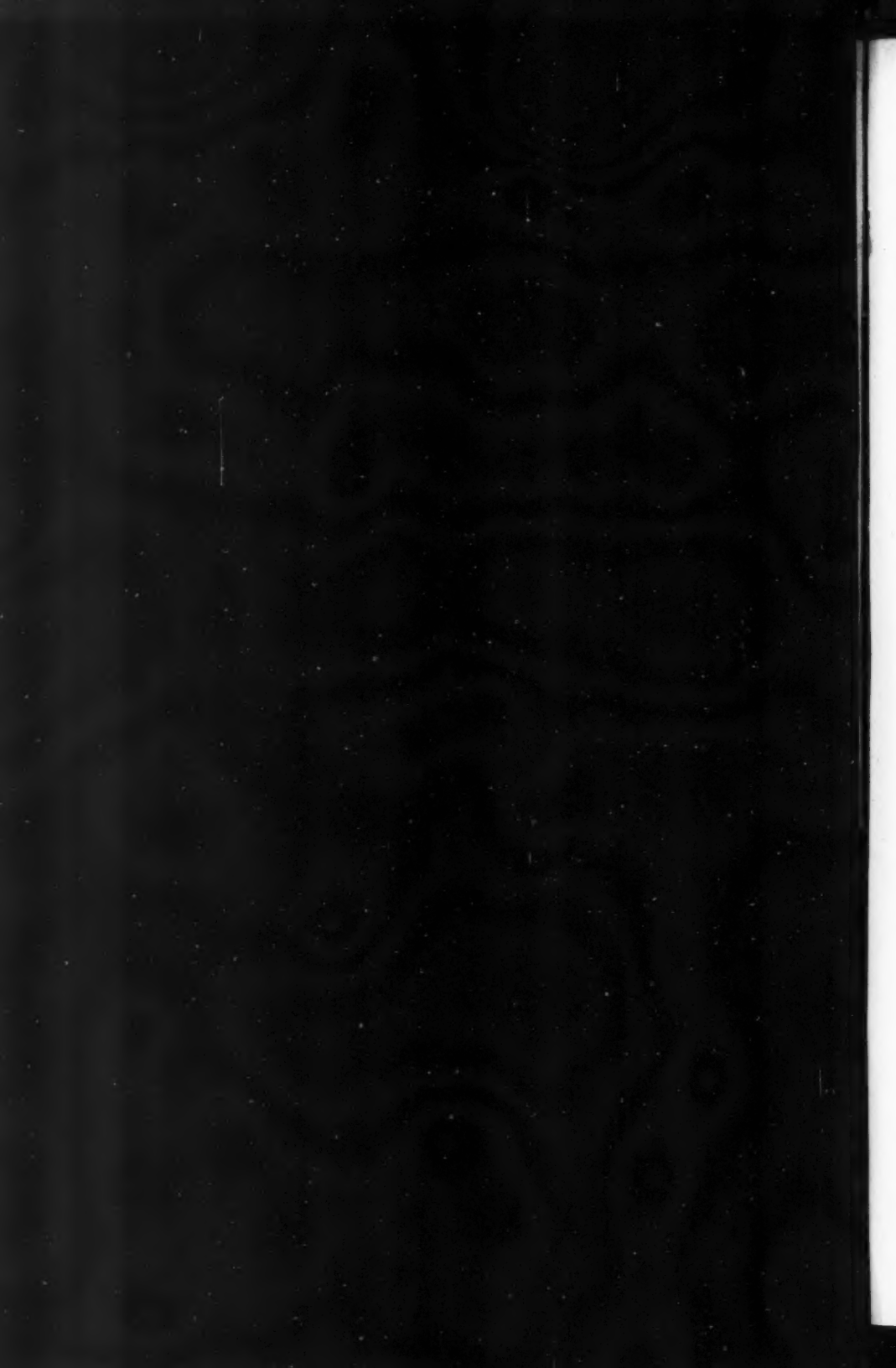
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AUTUMN ELEGY.

Now it is fitting, and becomes us all
 To think how fast our time of being
 fades.
 The year puts down his mead-cup
 with a sigh,
 And kneels, deep in the red and yellow
 glades,
 And tells his beads like one about to
 die:
 For when the last leaves fall
 He must away unto a bare, cold cell
 In white St. Winter's monastery; there
 To do hard penance for the joys that
 were,
 Until the new year tolls his passing bell.

C. W. DALMON.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Sleep, let me sleep, for I am sick of care;
 Sleep, let me sleep, for my pain wearies
 me.
 Shut out the light; thicken the heavy air
 With drowsy incense; let a distant stream
 Of music lull me, languid as a dream,
 Soft as the whisper of a summer sea.

 Pluck me no rose that groweth on a thorn,
 Nor myrtle white and cold as snow in
 June,
 Fit for a virgin on her marriage morn:
 But bring me poppies brimmed with
 sleepy death,
 And ivy choking what it garlandeth,
 And primroses that open to the moon.

 Listen, the music swells into a song.
 A simple song I loved in days of yore;
 The echoes take it up and up along
 The hills, and the wind blows it back
 again—
 Peace, peace, there is a memory in that
 strain
 Of happy days that shall return no
 more.

 Oh peace! your music wakeneth old
 thought,
 But not old hope that made my life so
 sweet,
 Only the longing that must end in nought.
 Have patience with me, friends, a little
 while:
 For soon, where you shall dance and sing
 and smile,
 My quickened dust may blossom at your
 feet.

Sweet thought that I may yet live and
 grow green,
 That leaves may yet spring from the
 withered root,
 And buds and flowers and berries half
 unseen;
 Then, if you haply muse upon the past,
 Say this: Poor child, she has her wish at
 last;
 Barren through life, but in death bear-
 ing fruit.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

How the blithe lark runs up the golden
 stair
 That leans thro' cloudy gates from
 heaven to earth,
 And all alone in the empyreal air
 Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of
 mirth!
 How far he seems, how far
 With the light upon his wings!
 Is it a bird, or star
 That shines and sings?

 What matter if the days be dark and
 frore?
 That sunbeam tells of other days to be;
 And singing in the light that floods him
 o'er
 In joy he overtakes futurity:
 Under cloud arches vast
 He peeps, and sees behind
 Great summer coming fast
 Adown the wind.

 And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers;
 In streams of gold and purple he is
 drown'd;
 Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
 As tho' the stormy drops were turned to
 sound;
 And now he issues thro',
 He scales a cloudy tower;
 Faintly, like falling dew,
 His fast notes shower.

 Let every wind be hushed, that I may
 hear
 The wondrous things he tells the earth
 below;
 Things that we dream of he is watching
 near,
 Hopes that we never dreamed he would
 bestow:
 Alas! the storm hath rolled
 Back the gold gates again,
 Or surely he had told
 All heaven to men!

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

From The National Review.
THE EVOLUTION OF EDITORS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

What is an editor? If we turn, as our fathers would have turned, to Johnson's dictionary, we shall find in the last edition published during his life that the word in 1785 meant either "publisher" simply, or editor in the sense in which the name describes Bentley's relation to Horace or Warburton's to Pope. The editor, that is as implying the commander of a periodical, is not yet recognized, and Johnson, if any one, would not have overlooked him. Dr. Murray's great dictionary gives 1802 as the date of the earliest recorded use of the word in the now familiar sense. It had, however, as we shall see, been so used at an earlier time. The editor is regarded by most authors as a person whose mission is the suppression of rising genius, or as a traitor who has left their ranks to help their natural enemy, the publisher. Hateful as he may be in himself, he is an interesting figure in the annals of literature. The main facts are familiar enough, and are given in various histories of the press.¹ Yet I have found even in such books phrases which seem to imply a misconception—allusions, for example, to the "editor and staff" of a newspaper in the days of Queen Anne. Such a slip occurs in the most perfect presentment of the spirit of that period, Thackeray's "Esmond." Esmond goes to see the printer of the *Postboy*, and in the house encounters Swift. "I presume you are the editor of the *Postboy*, sir?" says Swift. "I am but a contributor," replies Esmond. The scene is otherwise quite accurate, but Esmond, in his anxiety to be smart upon Swift, makes an anachronism. I do not know who wrote the *Postboy* at this period (1712), but shortly before it was written by Abel Boyer. Boyer was a French refugee who had to toil in Grub Street for his living. Some of his painful compilations are still known to anti-

quarians, and his French dictionary, or a dictionary which continued to pass under his name, survived till quite recently, if it be not still extant. He was employed by one Roper² to write the *Postboy*, but was turned off in 1709. He then published a pathetic appeal to the public, pointing out that the wicked Roper had made money by his paper, and was dismissing him without just cause. He tried, like other men in the same position, to carry on a "true" *Postboy*, which, if ever fairly started, has vanished from the world. What kind of interviews Boyer was likely to have with Swift may be guessed from "The Journal to Stella." Swift calls him a "French dog who has abused me in a pamphlet;" orders a messenger to take him in charge, and requests St. John to "swinge him." Whoever wrote it afterwards, the *Postboy* itself was a "tri-weekly" sheet which would go comfortably into a column of the *Times*. Its speciality, due probably to Boyer's French origin, was its foreign correspondence, and it had little else. The whole, as a rule, seems to have been made up of little paragraphs extracted from letters giving rumors about the war, and the remaining space was eked out by half-a-dozen advertisements. Boyer's "editing" was all done with a pair of scissors. He was hardly more than a clerk employed by Roper to select bits of news, and probably to arrange for a supply of the necessary material.

We can make a tolerably distinct picture of the Grub Street of this period. The street, which not long ago exchanged its ill-omened name for Milton Street, had become famous in the days of the Civil War, when the abolition of the Star Chamber gave a chance to unlicensed printers, and the appetite for news was naturally at its keenest. When order was restored it was put under restraint, and languished dismally through the Restoration period. Roger Lestrange was entrusted, not

¹ I may especially refer to the last of these, Mr. Fox Bourne's "History of Newspapers," to which I owe several facts.

² In "Esmond," the printer of the *Postboy* is Leach, who really printed the *Postman*. Whether Kemp, the writer mentioned by Thackeray, was a real person, I do not know.

only with the superintendence of the one official organ, but with power of suppressing every rival. He acted as a kind of detective, and he declares that he spent £500 a year in maintaining "spies for information." One night in 1663 he showed his zeal by arresting a wretched printer called Twyn. Twyn, whose only excuse was that he was the father of three poor children, was caught in the act of printing what he called "some mettlesome stuff." Though the stuff was too outrageous to be fully quoted even in the reports of his trial, it appears to have asserted that even kings should be responsible to their people, and might be taken to hint at a popular rising. Twyn was sent to the gallows to clear his views of the law of libel. That law, as Scroggs declared in 1680, was that to "publish any newspaper whatsoever was illegal, and showed a manifest intent to the breach of the peace." Although this doctrine and the practice which it sanctioned are shocking enough to us, they suggest one significant remark. The accounts of Twyn's and other trials at the time prove the infamy of Scroggs and his like, but they indirectly prove also the advent of a change. The reporter had come into existence and was doing his work admirably. The proceedings are taken down word for word, and the scenes are often so vividly described that they are more amusing, because less long-winded, than accounts of modern trials. Macaulay remarks that Jeffreys was awed at the trial of the seven bishops by the "thick rows of earls and barons." The reporter in the background was in the long run more important, and contributed to the remarkable change in the fairness of trials which took place at the Revolution. It was to be a long time before he could force his way into the gallery of the House of Commons; but his influence in the law-courts was of the same kind.

The Grub Street of Boyer's time contained many of the waifs and strays from this period of persecution. In wandering through that dismal region we get the most distinct of our few

glimpses of light as from a tallow-candle held by crazy, half-mad John Dunton. Dunton, a descendant of clergymen, had become a bookseller, and got into various intricate troubles, till, as he tells us, he "stooped so low as to become an author," and sank in time to be a "willing and everlasting drudge to the quill." In 1705 he published his "Life and Errors," a book which makes one long to ask him a few questions. He had seen many people of whom he could have given interesting "reminiscences." Unluckily he did not foresee in what posterity would be interested. We do not much care to know at the present day that Richard Sault was in all probability the true author of the "Second Spira," a book of which Dunton sold thirty thousand copies in six weeks, and which he now requests his readers to burn if they meet it. I have never had the chance of burning it, and cannot account for his remorse, though I hope that the sale was some consolation. But, besides this, Dunton had published the *Athenian Mercury*, a sort of anticipatory *Notes and Queries*, and to it not only this famous Sault, but John Wesley's father and Sir William Temple and Swift, had been correspondents. He had known, too, all the booksellers, printers, binders, engravers, and hackney authors of the time, and gives us tantalizing glimpses of some familiar names. He has short descriptions of considerably over a hundred booksellers, and from his account we are glad to observe that they already showed their chief characteristic—the possession, namely, of all the cardinal virtues. He enumerates and compliments all the writers of weekly sheets. Among them is Boyer, whom he praises for the "matchless beauties of his style;" Defoe, with whom he had unluckily a running quarrel and who is therefore mentioned with less warmth than inferior rivals; and Tutchin, whose *Observer* is nowadays inferior" to Defoe's *Review*. Tutchin was the famous person who was sentenced by Jeffreys, for his share in Monmouth's

revolt, to a punishment of such severity that he petitioned the king to be hanged instead. His petition is supposed to be unique, and his prayer was not granted. He escaped to see Jeffreys in the Tower, and was reported to have sent him a halter concealed in a barrel of oysters. Tutchin was tried in 1704 for some of his *Observers*, in which he seems to have obscurely hinted that there might be some corruption in the navy. He escaped in consequence of a technical blunder in the indictment, unintelligible to the lay reader, but, we are told, was afterwards assaulted in consequence of some of his writings, and so cruelly beaten that he died of his wounds. The evidence on his trial shows clearly what a leading newspaper was in those days. Tutchin had agreed with the printer to write a weekly paper for which he was to receive 10s. 6d. a time. The number printed was two hundred and sixty-six, and we are glad to hear that the printer raised the price in time to 20s. The printer incidentally admits that he had himself done such editing as was necessary; that is, striking out phrases which seemed to be libellous.

Defoe and his rival, Tutchin, differed from Boyer in this, that their papers were in reality weekly pamphlets, or consisted simply of the matter which would now be made into leading articles. Tutchin and Defoe were sound Whigs, though Defoe's Whiggism had to make awkward compromises with his interests. Their chief opponent was the vigorous non-juror and voluminous controversialist Charles Leslie, a martyr to High Church principles, who had to live partly by his pen, and from 1706 to 1709 published the *Rehearsal* on the side of unflinching Jacobitism. He escaped a trial for treason by retiring to St. Germain's. The author had always to keep one eye upon the attorney-general, and Grub Street was a Cave of Adullam for broken men, ruined in trade or political troubles, who could just keep body and soul together by their productions. They were "authors," not "editors" of their papers, and the *Review*, or *Observer*, or *Re-*

hearsal were simply the personal utterances of Defoe, Tutchin, and Leslie. Whether Defoe, like Tutchin, was paid by his printer, or whether, as seems more probable in so keen a man of business, he employed the printer, is more than I know. In the later years of his troublesome life, he was at one time in a position of respectability, with a comfortable house and garden, and able to provide a portion for his daughter. But Defoe was exceptional.

Meanwhile the plan had been adopted in a higher sphere. Steele is distinguished in one of the lists of authors as "a gentleman born." The official *Gazette* had been entrusted to him with a liberal salary of £300 a year, and, as we all know, in 1709, he started the *Tatler*, which became the lineal ancestor of the *Spectator* and the long series of *British Essayists*. All the best known authors of the eighteenth century tried their hands at this form of composition, as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers had good cause to know. The essays were lay sermons, whose authors condescended, it was supposed, to turn from grave studies of philosophy or politics to topics at once edifying and intelligible to the weaker sex. Many of these series implied jointstock authorship, and therefore some kind of editing. We know, for example, how Steele was ill-advised enough to insert in the *Guardian* a paper by his young admirer Pope, which ostensibly puffed their common friend Philips' "Pastrals," but under a thin cover of irony contrived to compare them very unfavorably with his own rival performances. Pope and Philips lived afterwards, as Johnson put it, in a perpetual "reciprocation of malevolence;" and the editor no doubt had already discovered that there might be thorns in his pillow. In those happy days, too, when the "Revd. Mr. Grove" could win immortality on the strength of three or four papers in the *Spectator*, Steele must no doubt have had to deal in some of the diplomacy which is a modern editor's defence against unwelcome volunteers. But he held no recognized office. When he got Addison to help him in the *Tatler*, he

resembled, according to his familiar phrase, the "distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid." To use a humbler comparison, he was more like the preacher who asks a friend to occupy his pulpit for a Sunday or two, and finds his assistant's sermons more popular than his own. Addison and Steele appear to have started the *Spectator* in alliance, and they sold the right of publication when it was collected in a new form. The precedent was often followed by little knots of friends, and some one, of course, would have to do such editing as was wanted. One result is characteristic. There was as yet no "We." The writer of an essay had therefore to speak of himself in the first person; and as the first person was not the individual writer, but the writer in his capacity as essayist, an imaginary author was invented. Hence arose the *Spectator* himself, and Nestor Ironside, and Caleb Danvers, and their like. The last representatives of the fashion were Sylvanus Urban of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and Oliver Yorke of *Fraser's*. The fictitious author was a kind of mask to be worn by each actor in turn. But of course periodicals of this kind, which consisted of nothing but an essay supplied by some author with occasional help from his friends, required no definite editor. After magazines had become common, they were often published as contributions, and then melted into the ordinary series of essays.

For the main origin of the editor we must, then, go back to Grub Street. One point must be noticed. Between Grub Street and these higher circles of elegant authorship there was little communication, and certainly no love lost. The modern author has sometimes looked fondly back to the period of Queen Anne as a golden epoch when literature received its proper reward. Macaulay speaks of the next years as a time when the author fell, as it were, between two stools—when he had lost the patron and not been taken up by the public. This, I think, suggests an inaccurate view. Grub Street had never basked in the sunshine of patronage. Its denizens had few interviews with

great men, unless they were such as Boyer had with Swift or Twyn with Lestrangle. The "hackney author," as Duntun already calls him, was simply a nuisance to be suppressed unless he could be used as a spy. A few men of education drifted into the street; royalist divines (like Fuller) under the Commonwealth, and ejected ministers such as Baxter under Charles II. Baxter tells us that he managed by ceaseless writing to make £70 a year, and, now and then, such men were helped by some sympathetic friend in power. But patronage, beyond an occasional bribe or possibly a payment of hush-money, generally descended, if it descended at all, upon others than the true Grub Street author. The great men of the seventeenth century now and then acted as patrons; the two greatest English thinkers of the time, Hobbes and Locke, were supported by the Earls of Devonshire and Shaftesbury. Some patronage was bestowed upon Dryden and the poets, though they do not seem to have found it over liberal. Still, a nobleman often felt bound to send his twenty guineas in return for a dedication. Learned men, too, in the Church might of course hope for professional preferment. But all this was no comfort to the bookseller's drudge, and he got no benefits of this kind from the Revolution. What then happened was, I take it, very simple. The great man, thanks to the growth of parliamentary power, suddenly found himself enabled to be a patron at the public expense. Naturally he was suddenly seized with a fit of liberality. The famous writers of Queen Anne's day—Addison, and Congreve, and Prior, and their friends—became commissioners of excise, of hackney coaches, and so forth, or found shelter in other pleasant little offices of which ministers could dispose. Such patronage was, of course, not given for abstruse learning; scholars and antiquaries were not sought out in their studies or college lecture-rooms, or enabled to pursue recondite researches. Still less did it come to Grub Street. The recipients of the golden shower

were "wits," or men known in "the town," which was no longer overshadowed by the court. They were selected from the agreeable companions at one of the newly invented clubs, where statesmen could relax over their claret and brush up their schoolboy recollections of Horace and Homer. Halifax, Harley, and St. John could give a few crumbs from their table to the men whom they met at the Kitcat or the Brothers' Club. The pleasant time disappeared for an obvious reason. In the reign of Queen Anne the system of party government was substantially got into working order. That meant that offices were no longer to be given away for ornamental purposes, but used for practical business. Swift called Walpole "Bob, the poet's foe," for his indifference to literary merit; but Walpole was the name of a system. Places were wanted to exchange for votes, and a writer of plays and essays was not worth buying unless he were proprietor or hanger-on of the proprietor of a borough. As soon as this was clearly understood, the patronage of men of letters went out of fashion, and I greatly doubt whether literature was any the worse for the change.

Grub Street, at any rate, had been little affected by the gleam of good fortune which came to the upper circles, and was not hurt by its disappearance. The prizes bestowed upon the gentlemen and scholars who could write "Spectator" were above the reach of Tutchin or Defoe. They had, indeed, reaped some rather questionable advantages from the political change besides the abolition of licensing. Harley was the first English statesman to use the press systematically. Under his management, the Grub Street authors ceased to be simply vermin to be hunted down; they might be themselves used in the chase. Harley's name constantly turns up in this dismal region; he saved Boyer from Swift's wrath; he appears in the background of other obscure careers, such as that of the deist Toland; and he is specially memorable for his connection with two of the greatest of English journalists,

Swift and Defoe. Swift, of course, was petted as an equal, and flattered by hopes of a bishopric; while Defoe was treated as an "underspurlather," a mere agent who could be handed over by Whig to Tory and Tory to Whig as the ministry changed. Each of them, however, wrote what passed for his own individual utterance. The *Examiner*, while Swift wrote it, represented Swift as the *Review* represented Defoe. The papers were not like modern party newspapers, complex organisms with editors and proprietors and contributors, but simply periodical pamphlets by a single author, though their utterances might be more or less inspired by the government. The system was carried on through the Walpole period, but a change soon begins dimly to show itself. A new race is arising, called by Ralph, one of themselves, "authors by profession," most of whose names are familiar only to profound commentators upon the Dunciad. The notes to that poem were, as was said, the regular place of execution for the victims of Pope and the blustering Warburton. Ralph, says Warburton in one of them "ended in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper." Although that represented the lowest stage of human existence, there were some pickings to be had even there. The statement made by a committee of the House of Commons is often quoted, that in ten years Walpole spent over £50,000 upon the press; over £10,000 going to one Arnall, probably in part to be transmitted to others. That, as we are told, was the flourishing period of corruption, and if authors got their share of it their morals doubtless suffered. And yet we may say, if we will not be too puritanical, that even a capacity for receiving bribes may imply a relative improvement. A man who can be bribed can generally make a bargain; he is something more than a simple spy. Defoe was a slave to ministers, who kept his conviction hanging over his head, and just gave him scraps enough to support him in the dirty work which he tried, very hard it seems, but not quite successfully, to

reconcile to his conscience. Ralph was evidently treated with relative respect. His moral standard is defined by Bubb Dodington. Ralph, says that type of political jobber, was "a very honest man." This, as Dodington's account of him shows—with no sense of incongruity—was quite compatible with a readiness to sell himself to any party. It only meant that he kept the bargain for the time. Honesty, that is, did not imply so quixotic a principle as adherence to political principles, but adherence for the time being to the man who had bought you; and even that naturally seemed an exceptionally lofty strain to Dodington. Ralph himself complains bitterly of the niggardly patronage of literature, but he ended with a pension of £600 a year. Among his allies and enemies were men like Amhurst and Arnall and Concanen and others, who chiefly again through references in the *Dunciad*, have got their names into biographical dictionaries. Some of them gained humble rewards. Amhurst, a clever writer, who began, like Shelley, by expulsion from Oxford, seems to represent the nearest approach to the modern editor. As "Caleb Danvers," imaginary author of the *Craftsman*, he received the most brilliant political writing of the day from Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and the "patriots;" and Ralph declares that he died of a broken heart when, upon Walpole's fall, his services met with no reward from his friends. The *Craftsman* was itself on the *Spectator* or *Examiner* model; but, as a party organ, inspired and partly written by the leaders of the opposition, it has had something of the position of a modern newspaper; and Amhurst, no doubt, though in a very dependent position, may be regarded as a humble forerunner of the full-blown editor of later days.

Meanwhile, however, the comparative calm of the political atmosphere under Walpole was favorable to another direction of literary development. Defoe found time for the multitudinous activities which entitle him to be a great-grandfather of all modern journal-

ism. He helped to start newspapers; he published secret documents; he interviewed Jack Sheppard at the foot of the gallows; he collected ghost stories; he wrote accounts of worthy dissenting divines recently deceased; he wrote edifying essays upon the devil and things in general; he described tours in the country; he passed "Robinson Crusoe" through a journal like a modern *feuilleton*; and, in short, he opened almost every vein of periodical literature that has been worked by his successors. As the time goes on we find authors who really make a decent living by their pens. There is John Campbell, for example, the richest author, according to Johnson, "who ever grazed the common of literature;" the "pious" gentleman, on the same authority, who never entered a church but never passed one without taking off his hat. And to speak of still living names, we have Richardson, who had the good luck to be printer as well as author, and Fielding, forced to choose between being a hackney author or a hackney coachman, and Johnson who was presently to proclaim, as Carlyle puts it, the "blast of doom" of patronage. The profession, or at least the trade, is beginning to be established, and there will naturally be a demand for editing. The author of the loftier sphere still labored under the delusion that it was unworthy of him to take money for his works. Swift, as he tells us, never made anything, till the judicious advice of Pope brought something for his "Miscellanies." Pope himself, though he made his fortune by his "Homer," is hardly an exception. The sums which he received, indeed, enabled him to live at his ease, but they were the product of a subscription, and, I fancy, of such a subscription as has never been surpassed. The good society of those days held, and deserves credit for holding, that it would do well to give a kind of natural commission to the most rising young poet of the day to produce a worthy translation of the accepted masterpiece of poetry. It was a piece of joint-stock patronage, and not a successful publishing speculation—

though it succeeded in that sense also —by which Pope made his fortune. Grub Street, therefore, would rejoice little in a success which scarcely suggested even a precedent for imitation, and which fell to the man who was its deadliest enemy. Pope, with his excessive sensibility, was stung by its taunts to that war with the dunces which led to his most elaborate piece of work. Though the bulk of his adversaries were obscure enough, the body collectively is beginning to raise its head a little. The booksellers, from Lintot to Toulson down to the disreputable Curll, are indulging in a variety of speculations from which the form of modern periodical literature begins to emerge distinctly. One symptom is remarkable. At the beginning of 1731 the ingenious Cave, having bought a small printing-office, started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, destined to a long life and to be followed by many imitators. It had various obscure precursors, such as the *Historical Register*, and at first was a humble affair enough. Most of its pages were filled with reproductions of articles from the weekly journals; but it included brief notices of books, and occasional poems and records of events and miscellaneous literature; and, in short, was complex enough to require a judicious editor. Johnson tells how Cave, when he had heard that one subscriber, out of the ten thousand whom he speedily attracted, was likely to drop the magazine, would say, "Let us have something good in the next number." Nothing more could be required to prove that Cave had the true editorial spirit. Still, however, the editor was not, and for a long time he was not to be, differentiated from the proprietor. Cave himself looked after every detail. He arranged for the parliamentary reports (a plan in which his first predecessor appears to have been our old friend Boyer in his monthly *Political State*), and employed the famous reporter who clothed the utterances of every orator of those days in sonorous Johnsonese. The success of the *Gentleman's Magazine* probably led to the

Monthly Review, started by Ralph Griffiths in 1749, and as this was of a Whiggish turn, it was opposed by the *Critical Review*, started by Archibald Hamilton in 1756, and supported by Smollett; a sequence like that of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. These two were the first, and until the *Edinburgh Review*, the leading representatives of literary criticism. Both of them were edited by the publishers. Griffiths, in particular, is famous as the taskmaster of Goldsmith. When a publisher has to do with a man of genius, especially with a man of genius over whom it is proper to be sentimental, he may be pretty certain of contemptuous treatment by the biographers of his client. It is possible that even Griffiths had something to say for himself, and that if he was a hard master, Goldsmith may not have been a very business-like subordinate. Still, as Griffiths is said to have made £2,000 a year by a venture from which Goldsmith only owed a bare escape from starvation, the printer may have been of opinion that the immediate profit was worth a good deal of posthumous abuse. However this may be, it is noticeable that the men of letters who appear in Boswell's great portrait gallery had no haven of editorship to drift into. They might be employed by the publisher of a magazine, and no doubt their drudgery would involve some of the work of a modern editor. But there was no such pillow for the wearied author as a regular office with a fixed income and the occupation of trimming other people's works instead of painfully straining matter from your own brain. Good service to a political patron, or very rarely some other merit, might be paid by a pension; but, without one, even Johnson, the acknowledged dictator of letters in his time, would apparently have never escaped from the writer's treadmill. He was never, it would seem, more than a month or two ahead of the friends who have become types of the Grub Street author: Smart, who let himself for ninety-nine years to a bookseller, or Boyse, whose only clothing was a blanket with holes

in it through which his hands protruded to manufacture verses. Perhaps the secretary of the Literary Fund could produce parallels even at the present day, and the increase in the prizes has certainly not diminished the number of blanks.

Meanwhile, political journalism was coming to fresh life with the agitation of the early days of George III. The *North Briton*, in which Wilkes began his warfare, was a weekly periodical pamphlet after the *Craftsman* fashion, started at a week's notice to meet Smollett's *Briton*, and written chiefly by Wilkes with help from Churchill. It had a short and stormy life, and was not properly a newspaper. But when Wilkes fought his later campaign, and was backed by Junius, we have at last a genuine example of a newspaper warfare of the modern kind. The *Public Advertiser* had a significant history. It was the new form of the *Daily Post*, started in 1719 by (or with the help of) Defoe. The Woodfall family, well known till the end of the century, came to have the chief share in it; and in 1752 gave it a new name and form, when Fielding seems to have acted more or less as sponsor. Upon dropping a periodical of his own, he advised his subscribers to transfer their favors to this paper, to which, moreover, he sent all his own advertisements, as justice of the peace. Probably the recommendation means that it had somehow been made worth Fielding's while to let the paper have a monopoly of these notices. It seems that fifteen years previously, the value of the paper was about £840. By the Junius period, twenty years later, this had considerably increased. The property was held in shares chiefly by well-known booksellers and printers. A tenth belonged to Henry Sampson Woodfall, who took the management from 1758, when his father died, and acted as editor for thirty-five years. The circulation in the Junius period was about three thousand daily, once reaching four thousand; and in 1774 (just after Junius had ceased) the profits were £1,740. The accounts which have been preserved show the

general nature of the business. The expenses, other than printing, included £200 paid to the theatres for advertisements of plays, an item which has long got to the other side of the account; £280 for home news; and smaller sums for foreign intelligence and so forth. Nothing is set down for editor or contributors, and the obvious reason is that neither class existed. The contributors were some of the poor scribblers of Grub Street who collected material for paragraphs, or at times indulged in small political squibs. Contemporary portraits of the professional journalists of those days may be found in Foote's "Farces."¹ They are poor wretches, dependent upon "Vamp" the bookseller, or "Index" the printer; living in garrets, employed as hawkers of scandal, domestic and official, rising during the parliamentary session to political abuse and in the recess picking up accounts of "remarkable effects of thunder and lightning." "All is filth that comes to their net," observes one of the characters, and, in any case, they represent the class of labor which now fills up the interstices of more serious writing. The *Public Advertiser*, however, was by no means composed of such matter. If Woodfall had to pay the theatres instead of being paid by them, he got his contributors for nothing. The volunteer correspondent was apparently as abundant then as now, and the paper is chiefly filled by his lucubrations. Woodfall, who seems to have been a worthy man, prided himself especially upon his impartiality. He accepted letters from all sides, and the paper, though without leading articles, was full of lively controversy upon all the leading topics of the day; Junius, of course, during his short career, being the most effective writer. Naturally, the paper required editing, and in a very serious sense. Woodfall was responsible when Junius assailed George III., and had to keep a very sharp eye upon the performances of his anonymous contributors. Still, however, though in point of fact an editor,

¹ See "The Author" (1757), and "The Bankrupt" (1773).

he was primarily the managing partner of a business. Probably, he would receive some extra share of the profits in that capacity; and would come very near to being an editor in the modern sense.¹ We are told about this time that William Dodd, the popular preacher who was hanged for forgery in 1777, had "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper"—a degrading position which would account for a clergyman reaching the gallows. His salary was five guineas a week. The name was therefore known, although the genuine editor has not as yet become a distinct personage.

Between this time and the revolutionary period, several of the papers were started which were to be the main organs of public opinion down to our own day. On November 13th, 1776, Horace Walpole looked out of his window and saw a body of men marching down Piccadilly; volunteers, he guessed, for service in the American troubles. He was more astonished than we should be on discovering that they were simply "sandwich men," or at least men with papers in their caps or bills in their hands, advertising a newspaper. Henry Bate Dudley, the "fighting parson," who lived to become a baronet and a canon of Ely, was at this time chaplain to Lord Lyttelton and employing his leisure in writing plays, fighting duels, or carrying on the *Morning Post*. It had begun four years earlier, and Bate was now appealing for support against a rival who was starting a new *Morning Post*. Bate, as Walpole says, was "author" (still not editor) of the old *Morning Post*; and in 1780 he left it to set up the *Morning Herald* in opposition. A duel or two and a confinement for a year in the King's Bench prison varied his amusements. Walpole moralizes after his fashion upon the "expensive masquerade, exhibited by a clergyman in defence of daily scandal against women of the highest rank, in the midst of a

civil war!" I do not know how far the *Morning Post* deserves this imputation; but its history shortly afterwards brings us within reach of the modern system. Three men in particular played a great part in the transformation of the newspaper; two of them, as might be anticipated, were energetic young Scots, and one came from Aberdeen, the centre, as many of its inhabitants have told me, whence spread all good things. Perry, Stuart, and Walter were these creators of the modern newspaper, and their history shows how the "able editor" finally came to life. The first Walter was a bookseller who thought that he could turn to account an invention called "logography" (the types were to be whole words instead of letters) by printing a newspaper. Though the invention failed, the newspaper lived for a short time as the *Universal Register* and became the *Times* on January 1st, 1788. Walter's first declarations show how accurately he had divined the conditions of success. His ideal paper was to give something for all tastes; it was not to be merely commercial nor merely political; it was to represent public opinion generally, not any particular party; and it was never "to offend the ear of delicacy." When it had survived logography and obtained its incomparable monosyllabic name, it was fitted for a successful career. The war was an ill wind enough, but it blew prosperity to newspapers, as the wars of the great rebellion and of Queen Anne's day had given fresh impulse to their infancy and boyhood. Walter, too, and his son, who took the helm in 1802, were keen in applying mechanical improvements and organizing the new machinery. The *Times* seems to have invented the foreign correspondent, its representative, Henry Crabb Robinson, being probably the first specimen of the genus; it beat the government in getting the first news of battles, and defeated a strike of the printers in order to introduce a new method of printing. The younger Walter, however, seems still to have combined the functions of editor and proprietor until 1810, when Sir

¹ A ledger of the *Public Advertiser*, from 1766 to 1771, is now in the Free Library at Chelsea, to which it was presented by Sir C. Dilke.

John Stoddart became editor. Stoddart was succeeded by Barnes in 1817, and Barnes in 1841 by Delane, and editorship had become not only a separate function, but a position of high political importance. James Perry, meanwhile, had come into the profession from a different side. He had been early thrown upon his own resources, and about 1777 sent some articles to a newspaper which gained him employment at the rate of a guinea and a half a week. He soon rose to a better position. The *Morning Chronicle* had been started in 1769 by William Woodfall (younger brother of Henry Sampson), who gained the nickname "Memory Woodfall" from his powers of bringing back debates in his head. His reports became the great feature of the *Chronicle*; but Perry, who was getting four guineas a week for editing the *Gazetteer*, succeeded in beating Woodfall by employing a staff of reporters. The *Chronicle* began to decline. Perry, managing with the help of a friend to scrape together about £1,000, bought the paper and made it the accepted organ of the Whig party. It soon became a leading paper, and was for a time at the head of the London Press. It was ultimately sold after Perry's death in 1821 for £42,000. Perry appears to have edited it himself until 1817, when his mantle fell upon another vigorous Scot, John Black, who had joined it as a reporter, Black and Barnes thus started simultaneously, Black representing the opinions of the "philosophical Radicals," and being steadily inspired by James Mill. Thus Perry, like Walter, marks the end of the period in which the proprietor still habitually acted as editor.

Perry at various times received contributions from many of the most eminent writers of the time. Coleridge got a guinea out of him at a critical moment. Thomas Campbell published the "Mariners of England" in the *Chronicle*. Charles Lamb sent him paragraphs; Sheridan, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, Tom Moore were among his contributors; and Lord Campbell, better known as the chancellor, was for a time both law

reporter and theatrical critic. The last of the three rulers of the press, Daniel Stuart, is still often mentioned for a similar reason. Stuart, like Perry, a vigorous Scot, had joined his brothers, who were settled as printers in London. They printed the *Morning Post*, which had fallen into difficulties; and in 1795, when its circulation was only three hundred and fifty copies daily, Daniel Stuart bought the paper, house, and plant for £600. He raised the circulation to forty-five hundred in 1803, when it was surpassed in popularity by the *Chronicle* alone. He soon afterwards became the owner of the *Courier* in partnership with one Street, gave up the *Post*, and in 1822 retired, having made a fortune. Stuart was specially connected with Mackintosh, who married his sister when they were both struggling young men. His fame, however, rests more upon his connection with Coleridge, and he incurred the danger which comes to all publishers of works of men of genius. Certain phrases in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and "Tabletalk" gave rise to the impression that Stuart was one of the conventional bloodsuckers, who make their money out of rising genius and repay them with the scantiest pittance. Stuart defended himself effectively; and any doubts which might remain have been dispersed by the (privately printed) "Letters from the Lake Poets." Stuart, in fact, was one of the most helpful of Coleridge's many friends, and Coleridge to the end of his life spoke of him and to him with warm and generous gratitude. Coleridge, it is clear enough, and certainly very natural, took at times an exaggerated view of his services to the *Morning Chronicle*. His surprising statement that Stuart in 1800 offered him £2,000 a year if he would devote himself to journalism, that he declined on the ground that he would not give up "the reading of old folios" for twenty times £2,000, and that he considered any pay beyond £350 as a real evil, is obviously impossible. Stuart probably tried to spur his indolent contributor by saying that his services would be worth some such sum if they could be made

regular. But the statement is only worth notice here in illustration of the state of the literary market at the time. Southey acknowledges his gratitude for the guinea a week which he received as Stuart's "laureate." Poetry, by the way, appears to have been more in demand then than at the present day. Both Perry and Stuart's elder brother offered to employ Burns; and Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and Moore all published poems in the newspapers. Lamb tried his hand at "jokes." "Sixpence a joke," he says, "and it was thought pretty high too, was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases," he says (*Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*), and no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. In a letter of 1803, Lamb says that he has given up his "two guineas a week" from the *Post*. The highwater mark of a journalist's earnings at the end of the last century is probably marked by the achievement of Mackintosh, who earned ten guineas in a week. "No paper could stand it!" exclaimed the proprietor, and the bargain had to be revised. A few years later, however, we are told that Sterling, the father of Carlyle's friend, was receiving the sum which Coleridge supposed himself to have refused, namely, £2,000 a year for writing leading articles in the *Times*. Stuart, it would seem, in the earlier period was paying the fair value of their wares to Coleridge, Southey, and their like; but in the days of Scott and Byron the price of popular writing was going up by leaps and bounds.

The normal process of the evolution of editors was what I have tried to sketch, simply, that is, the gradual delegation of powers by the printer or bookseller who had first employed some inhabitant of Grub Street as a drudge, and when the work became too complex and delicate, had handed over the duties to men of special literary training. Two very important periodicals, however, of this period show a certain reversion to the olden type. The *Edinburgh Review* owed part of its success to its independence of publishers. It was started, not by a speculator who

might wish to puff his own wares, but by a little knot of audacious youths who combined as Steele and Addison combined in the *Spectator*. It seems that at first they scarcely even contemplated the necessity of an editor, and Sydney Smith was less editor than president of the little committee of authors at the start. When Jeffrey took up the duty, he was careful to make it understood that his work was to be strictly subordinate to his professional labors, and had no inkling that his fame would come to depend upon his editorship. The *Edinburgh*, however, soon became a review of the normal kind. Cobbett, on the other hand, started his *Political Register* as a kind of rival to the *Annual Register*. It was to be mainly a collection of State papers and official documents; but it soon changed in his hands into the likeness of Defoe's old *Review*. It became a personal manifesto of Cobbett himself, and, as such, held a most important place in the journalism of the time. But Cobbett was, and in some ways remains, unique, and, as the newspaper has developed, the "we" has superseded the "I," and the organism become too complex to represent any single person. The history, indeed, would help to explain why anonymity has been characteristic of English newspapers, but I have said enough to leave that problem untouched for the present.

From Temple Bar.

CARLOS.

If Carlos had ever given the matter a thought, he would, every day of his life, as he stretched himself on his well-beaten straw, have blessed his patron saint for permitting him to be born in the Fortunate Isles.

Were the days not almost perpetual sunshine? and such sunshine as warmed the bones, and made life the luxury of the poor as well as of the rich.

Could he not supply his wants with the least imaginable expenditure of labor; and was not Marinsha the pret-

tiest girl in the whole district; and would he not marry Marinsha when she had earned enough to support him and their family, and lastly, herself, in ease and comfort?

But the sunshine and Marinsha and his happy prospects were all so much a matter of course to Carlos, that he never dreamed of blessing his patron saint; but only stretched himself luxuriously in his bed and thought how good a thing life was, and who so fortunate as Marinsha.

The little whitewashed hut where Carlos lived with his brothers and withered, old, round-shouldered mother, was far up the hill from the sea, with the land rolling in huge, good-tempered billows on every side, clothed in black volcanic dust and bound by acres of vines.

Beyond it the mountain crest rose high in the mist, its barren, rugged peaks softened and subdued by the magic of the atmosphere.

Below was the blue of the sea, with the white flat roofs of Las Palmas just showing over the lower slopes.

Farther on lay the Isleta, on the road to which Carlos went each day to his work—or at least each day that a ghostly exchequer warned him of approaching evil.

By profession Carlos was a stone-breaker, but chiefly by profession.

In practice he lived in a genial way on his mother's earnings, aided by a few pesetas from Marinsha's store. What did it matter?—was it not all to be his some day; and if he drew upon it prematurely, it only meant the postponement of the wedding for a little longer; and was that not as hard on him as on Marinsha? for every one knew he loved Marinsha, and wanted to marry her as soon as prudence would allow; but meanwhile he must live. When these sources of supply failed, he turned to his labor.

Miserable present after such a beautiful past! Yesterday there had been a *festa*, and Carlos had—with Marinsha's money—treated Marinsha to all the delights of the town. The marionettes that played under the shadow

of the tall, gaunt cathedral, the wonderful poodles that tumbled like clowns and shot at one another with real guns in the booth beyond, and all the ecstasy of an *al fresco* dinner at a little round wooden table behind an oleander in the corner of the Plaza. Oh, a delightful time! Marinsha said it put off their marriage for at least a month; but the wise Carlos knew you could not be more than happy, and that happiness was a shy maid who pouted and hid herself unless seized on the moment. So happy they were to the highest pitch for five whole hours, and until all Marinsha's money was spent. Then they climbed into an already overcrowded coach bound across the island with his Most Catholic Majesty's scanty mail, and Carlos had paid both their fares with merry words, songs, laughter, and many promises.

Who could be angry with Carlos, he was so gay and light-hearted!—not the coach-driver, who only smote him gently across the shoulders with his whip, and genially cursed him for a rogue, driving on, laughing the while at the latest jest; Carlos was so droll. Not the other passengers, crowded and hot as they were before even he and Marinsha pushed their way amongst them; for had not Carlos made them forget the heat and the dust; and did not the cheerfulness die out of the day as they turned the next corner and were hid behind the aloe hedge with its softened outline of luxuriant dusty brambles, while Carlos and Marinsha stood in the middle of the road, waving farewells!

Only Giuseppe Molina, up in the seat beside the driver; but then Giuseppe loved Marinsha, so how could he find good in Carlos, whom Marinsha loved? Naturally he hated Carlos, and of course some day they would come to blows; after that, if Giuseppe were only half so good a fellow as Carlos, they might be friends.

But the *festa* was past, and Carlos had nothing but empty pockets; not even a *cuarto* to buy cigarettes—ah, the hateful day!

A handful of maize ground into a

coarse flour, and then baked over the glowing charcoal, served Carlos for breakfast. His dinner was a square of dark rye-bread and a dozen of figs, together with a small skinful of red Piquette wine, acid enough, but refreshing in the middle of the day when the almost tropic sun was at its strength. Such a small skinful; it was a shame to have killed so small a kid!

The bread and fruit were carefully knotted into a gay crimson handkerchief, while the wine-skin was slung round the body by a strap at the waist.

Hanging the bundle over the head of his stone-breaker's hammer, and resting it on his shoulder, Carlos tramped slowly down the black cinder-strewn byeway leading to the main road, depressed and out of temper with life.

But not for long: the flutter of a brown wing from hedge to hedge, and the sudden trill of a song among the branches, was like a challenge, and he answered blithely enough, shaming the bird with the changing melody of his whistle. Ah, the good day that it was!—even to live and be warm was good, and was there not another *festa* in three weeks' time! Then he caught sight of the trim little house where Marinsha was servant-wench. A cottage much like his mother's, only surrounded by cactus plants with their fleshy arms carefully swathed in dingy muslin. For Marinsha's mistress was a cochineal farmer, and Marinsha worked not only indoors but also amongst the insects, and their curious grazing ground; thus earning most of her money, for she worked on shares, and the price of the dye was on the advance. Only three weeks! By that time Marinsha would have added to her store, and he—yes, he would earn money too—two pesetas—three—perhaps a dollar! And the whistle broke into a song, and all the cares of labor were forgotten as Carlos sat down under the warm shelter of the hedge to wait for the first passing cart to save him the walk into Las Palmas.

Of a certainty Christopher Columbus must have touched at the Fortunate Isles while on his long journey to the unknown world.

How else would they have the same buckboard so dear to New England hearts, and so trying to frail humanity?

As Carlos sat in the shade enjoying to the full the luxury of a good intention, there came a jingle of bells from round the bend of the road, then a slowly rolling cloud of dust which filled the space from hedge to hedge as it advanced.

"Hola—Matteo! flower of my soul, we are both in haste this morning; let us go together and the way will be the shorter." And without waiting for an answer, Carlos swung himself up on the vacant shaft, while "the flower of his soul"—a swarthy, pock-marked half-caste—grinned an appreciative welcome.

"None of thy jokes, Carlos; keep them for 'Seppi when thou meetest him below; he is early astir this morning, and looks as if all the merriment in the world wouldn't sweeten his temper."

"Let him keep it sour then," answered Carlos carelessly; "and lend me thou thy tobacco pouch, for mine is as empty as my pocket or Giuseppe's head. What a fuss because a girl has good taste." And Carlos settled himself back against the cart head, puffing his borrowed cigarette in supreme self-content.

He had had his breakfast; the sun warmed him luxuriously; Matteo's tobacco was full flavored and soothing; what cared he about Giuseppe and his jealousies?

So the buckboard jogged on past the tobacco factory which crowns the hill above Las Palmas, and looked so like a penitentiary or a workhouse; down the hill, past the Octroi, and into that street which seems the street of the washerwoman.

On one side, thirty feet down, is the river's bed—a grey line of dry bones bordered for fifty yards deep with a banana plantation; on the other side,

a conduit lined by a string of women of all ages, the air full of a babel of shrill voices and loud laughter. Here and there one with tucked up petticoats stands knee-deep in the water struggling with some obstinate stain, and the butt of many suggestions.

As the buckboard jolts along the line the fire is turned on Carlos and Matteo:—

"Ah, the good-for-nothing!" say the elders, the wives and mothers; "has Marinsha not a centimo left that thou goest to work? More fool Marinsha! Giuseppe Molina is worth two of thee; thou and the wooden idol there—a useful pair, truly."

But the younger smiled kindly enough at the bright face, with its shining black eyes and even white teeth; and if truth must be told, thought Marinsha had her fair share of compensation. As for Matteo, he was ugly—him they jeered unmercifully. Both take the raking fire placidly. Carlos from a sense of conscious superiority too serene to be ruffled by such petty warfare; Matteo because it is his due. Nature formed him to be the target of easy criticism. He is slow tongued, and so unfit for such strife. He therefore whips up the wiry little mountain horse, and on they rattle. Past the villas with their citron and banana groves, and tralling abundance of rosy Bougainvillea, into the narrow, cobble-paved street, and down the final hill to the Plaza, where the buckboard with a last spasm halts in front of the ugly cathedral.

Here Carlos jumps off with an "Adios, Matteo; good thanks and good luck to thee!" but the tone suggests that Matteo has already much to be grateful for.

Throwing his hammer and bundle over his shoulder, Carlos saunters down the side street leading to the shore, pausing to devoutly cross himself as he passes the weather-beaten, tarnished gilt crucifix at the east end of the cathedral.

A shrill whistle sounding fifty yards away, and round the bend of the street, hastens his leisurely pace.

The steam tram is about starting for La Luz, the port on the Isleta; and to miss it means two miles of a walk along a roadway ankle-deep in sand. True, he has not even the necessary two pesetas; but, then he knows the guard, and has a supreme faith in the powers of his good fellowship. So he clambers up on the rear car with absolute assurance. A groan, a lurch, and on they go through the narrow streets, the whistle shrieking like a demon thrice possessed, as the cars grind and swerve round the corners. Over the bridge spanning the dried-up river bed, and down the long, straight street stretching a mile or more along the sea. Carlos is regretfully rolling Matteo's last pinch of tobacco into a cigarette, the glory of the day dimmed by the knowledge that it is the last, when he catches sight of Giuseppe Molina scowling at him from the other end of the car. Whereat Carlos brightens up, and shakes his open hand in the air in a friendly way. He knows well enough there is a conflict inevitable, and he does not shrink it; time enough then to look sour and savage. For the present he would drink with Giuseppe, smoke with Giuseppe, share his tobacco with him, if he had any; and, when the time came, thrust his ugly lancet-pointed knife into Giuseppe's hairy throat. "Hola, Giuseppe! Hola," he shouts, "a lucky day to you; what a good *fiesta* we had."

But Giuseppe only scowled the more, and spat vigorously into the cloud of dust flying alongside; and so Carlos changed his mind, and borrowed his match from the conductor of the car.

Presently they stopped to take up a passenger, and Carlos's heap of stones being near at hand, he leaped out, bidding the driver, whom he called the blood of his heart, go on like a bright boy, and he would be good to him, and go back to Las Palmas with him in the afternoon. Whereat there was a horizontal glimmer of white teeth through the coal dust. A final wail from the engine, and Carlos was left to make his way to his stone heap.

A friendly hedge casts a shadow

over the scene of his labor, and there in the warm sand he stretches himself with complete content.

He had come from far, and a rest is but his due; presently the sun will be at noon, when he can sleep with a clear conscience; till then he will only rest. Soon there plods along the road a sun-tanned, barelegged, sturdy urchin.

"Hola, 'Rico, my soul, come thou beside me and talk; it is dull working by oneself, even in the cool of the morning." In five minutes 'Rico, he hardly knows how, is busy breaking Carlos's stones, while the rattle of the merry voice goes on untiringly.

For full an hour 'Rico labors; he thinks Carlos the finest man on the island. Is his tongue not ever ready, and has he not every one's good word? To sit beside Carlos and break stones is not work—it is play.

"That one, my apple," says Carlos; "that round cheeked one, round like a melon. Ah, the good thing a melon is! What an arm thou hast; some day thou wilt be able to work almost like Carlos." And 'Rico flushes with happiness, crimson brown under the dust. Is not Carlos his ideal?

But all joy is short-lived, and 'Rico regretfully betakes himself to the dusty road again, cheered on by Carlos. "Adios, my soul; thou hast learned something to-day, I think, with thy friend Carlos."

The shadows draw to their shortest, and Carlos spreads the gay handkerchief before him, serene in spirit that the forenoon has not been wasted, for 'Rico has wrought with all the vigor of youth and enthusiasm. With but little more added to the heap Carlos might rest content; sufficient unto the day was the labor thereof.

The rye bread and sweet, half-dried figs taste pleasant to the hungry palate, and that draught of thin, red wine trickles gratefully down the dusty throat.

Carlos is a connoisseur of wine, and remembers with happy regret the flagon of yesterday's *festa*. Ah, but it was good; white wine too, and white wine

was a rare treat. By all the saints, but this tasted thin after it. Nevertheless, he squeezed the last drop out of the small skin, and sorrowfully shook his head at its limp proportions.

Then he brightened up. "Thou hast labored enough for this day, my lamb," he said aloud. Talk he must, he was such an exuberant soul—to himself, if to no one else. "Take thou thy siesta, and presently we will see if Father Leon has not a drop of good sound wine for that mother of thine; she needs it at her old age—alas! that she never will touch the good thing."

Having eaten to the full, and cheered by the brilliancy of his idea, Carlos stretched his limbs in the shade with the comfortable consciousness of having earned a much needed rest.

How soft the warm, dry sand was!—how it heaped itself about him as he thrust out his legs! How good life was! even Giuseppi wasn't a bad fellow, take him rightly; and in five minutes Carlos in luxurious self-contentment was fast asleep.

An hour, and the sun had stolen through the hedge into his eyes, and with a brisk, "Hola, Carlos, my man, waken thou!" he sat up, folded the gay handkerchief which had been spread under his head, and strapping the shrunk wine-skin round his waist, set off across the sand, swinging his hammer, whistling as he went, blither than a canary.

Beyond the narrow strip of sand, an arid, sharp, rigid hill stretches its length behind the town. From the reservoirs hid away in the upper valleys, steal down slender, precious streams, and wheresoever they wander there is life and luxuriance. Banana groves, fields of cacti, gaunt, straggling fig-trees, and here and there a date palm, all wakened into life by the kiss of the stream.

In the dip of one of these groves lives Father Leon, withered like a pippin; but the lines of his face crumple up into a laugh, as Carlos, cap in hand, looks in at the ever open door.

"The sunshine is in thee, Carlos; come thou in and warm us with thy

looks." Whereat Carlos laughs and strokes his shrunken wine-skin, thinking how plump it will be presently.

Father Leon is plainly in high good humor, and Carlos is right.

"Ah, the good woman," says Father Leon; "the sap grows thin in the dried boughs, but this wine will warm her heart and lighten the burden of the years; five years old come next vintage," and Father Leon fills to bloated fullness the all too tiny wine-skin—why were the mountain goats so small a breed?—fills it to overflowing. Carlos's eyes dance merrily, and he gently licks his lips as the red drops splash upon his fingers; rich red rubies, the very blood of the grape, not that sour, purple Piquette, no in faith—ah, the good wine!

The grimy driver of the downward train looks in vain for Carlos that afternoon.

The shade of the hill tempts him, and the town is but a mile away now, so he strolls leisurely along in the mellow afternoon, now and then stroking in a friendly fashion the fat wine-skin lying under his shirt. There is the usual stir about the Plaza, yet it looks deserted and dull after yesterday's busy crowd. So Carlos pushes his way up the narrow cobble-paved streets and out into the country, thinking that a returning market cart is sure to pick him up before long. Out over the dusty winding road and up the weary hill. "Ah, beast of a hill!" says Carlos, stamping sharp disapproval in the dust as he halts at the top.

The sun is far to the west, and the evening is the perfection of cool languor; but Carlos is in an evil temper, and not all that wide vision of sunlit sea, beating itself to foam on the hard sands, can woo him to good humor.

"What a fool thou art, tramping the dust like a mule, when thou mightest have sat in the cool of the Plaza till the coach started, and then have sent the echo flying with that new, big, silver trumpet of Taddeo's—a fool, Carlos, a competent fool; but sit thou down under the hedge and rest thy-

self, and the saints forgive thy folly; they know thou hast toiled enough."

It is curiously comfortable under the hedge with the back against the dry grass, and the crickets and the grasshoppers drowsing in the ears.

But that wine-skin is heavy, and Carlos slips his hand into his shirt and draws it out.

His eyes flash a gleeful look and his lips part from the white teeth. Slowly the string is untied—ah, how good it tastes! Worthy Father Leon!—five years old come next vintage! What a pity, what a sore pity the old mother will not drink the good wine! And the skin is but a poor weak flaccid thing when Carlos ties up its mouth and thrusts it back where it had lain.

What a beautiful world it is, and he must tell Marinsha how he climbed the hill and is not a lazy fellow at all—lazy fellow indeed! and such a dusty walk home. But he would rest now.

So; down full length; that was better; and presently the coach would come, presently; and so Carlos fell asleep.

Up the hill, tramping wearily through the dust, comes Giuseppe Molina.

As he tops the last rise, instinctively his hands clench like one who fears an attack, and he puts himself into the position of defence. The light is growing a little dim now, and he has to look, and look long, before he is sure that his enemy makes no move. Then he creeps closer to him.

He was ready to meet him in fair fight, but his blood is hot, and he is none too scrupulous.

Giuseppe is a carpenter by trade. In one hand is a chisel which has been sharpened that day in the workshops at the Isleta; it has a blade as broad as his two broad fingers, and an edge keen as a razor, for it marks the skin as he draws it across his thumb.

Slowly, half crouching like a beast at spring, he draws near to Carlos, his feet making a long trail in the dust as he slips them inch by inch across the road.

The sleeping man has his head

thrown back and his throat bare; but Giuseppe cannot strike that, it is too soft and white. In fight he would run his knife into it gladly, but not now.

So he kneels on one knee by his enemy and with desperate strength drives the chisel full into his side.

There is a warm rush over his fingers that stains him to the wrist and spurts even into his face.

With a howl Giuseppe flings himself over the steep bank bordering the road, into the bushes below, where he clings, shaking.

But the shallow roots tear out of the dry soil—a crash and a rattle of falling stones; a cry from the puff of dust rolling sluggishly down the hill; one cry, and nothing more.

From the valley sounds the creaking of the coach, the shouts of the driver; chatter and laughter.

Up the winding road swings the coach, and the horses swerve and snort as they pause at the top.

"Hist! What is that there in the shadow? Hist behind, I say,—what a chatter you make! You there, speak up; you there under the hedge!"

Dazed, and still half blind, Carlos staggers to his feet with one hand to his side, and draws out—a tattered wine-skin.

From the slowly settling dust at the foot of the hill—silence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A PILGRIMAGE TO KERBELA.

Across the desert beyond Babylon, and west of the Euphrates, stands Kerbela, one of the sacred shrines of the Faithful, or, to be more correct, of one sect of them. The burial-place of Husain the Martyr, grandson of the Prophet, Meshed Husain, is considered second, in point of sanctity, only to Mecca and Medina, and hither each year come thousands of pilgrims, from the Shiah countries of Asia, to offer up prayers.

Mahomedans divide themselves into two principal sects—Shiah and Sunni

—the Persians representing the bulk of the former, the Turks of the latter. The chief points on which they differ are the condition of the soul after death and the succession of caliphs. "The Sunni belief is, that there is one immortal God, whose works are without beginning or end, and that he will be visible to the souls of the blessed; whilst the Shiahs deny the immortality of the soul, and maintain that the co-existent principles of Zoroaster will forever contend for the mastery." With regard to the Prophet's successors, the Sunnis claim that the lawful successor of Mahomed was Abu Bekr, and after him Omar, Osman, and Ali (nephew and son-in-law of Mahomed); the Shiahs, however, reject the first three, and hold that Ali was the only legitimate successor. Shiahs pray but three times a day, and enjoin pilgrimages to Nejef, Kerbela, Kazimain, Meshed (Persia), Samara, and Kum, as well as to Mecca and Medina. Sunnis make pilgrimages only to the two latter cities, and pray five times a day. From this it can be readily understood that the circumstance of the Turks being in possession of the shrines of Nejef (Meshed Ali), Kazimain, and Kerbela is most displeasing to devout Shiahs.

Without entering fully into early Mahomedan history, it may be interesting to briefly mention the causes which led to the special sanctity of Kerbela. Mahomed's only son, Kasim, died in early youth; at the Prophet's death, therefore, the question of a successor became a great difficulty. There were two likely candidates for the office: Ali, who had married his first cousin, Fatima (Mahomed's daughter), and Abu Bekr, the father of Mahomed's young wife, Ayesha. Ali refused to put himself forward, and Abu Bekr, having a large following, proclaimed himself first caliph. Omar became second and Osman third caliph, and after the latter, Ali himself assumed the caliphate. Ali was murdered in the mosque at Kufa about A.D. 661, and his two sons, Hassan and Husain, were fugitives. The per-

secution of the Ali faction continued, and a few years later Hassan was poisoned at Medina. At the request of his party Husain attempted to return to Kufa, but was intercepted on the way and slain in battle at Kerbela, where his remains were interred. His death took place on the ninth day of the month Muharram, A.H. 61 (9th October 680 A.D.), under circumstances of a most tragic nature. The martyrdom of the two grandsons of the Prophet appealed to the Oriental mind, and the story of their death became the subject of a Passion-play, which, even after the lapse of twelve hundred years, excites the fanaticism of faithful Shiabs almost to frenzy.

The sun had barely risen on the little town of Towé Riché when we set out on our last day's march to Kerbela. Our party consisted of three Englishmen, a *kawass* as escort, a Persian servant, and the owners of our three pack-ponies; and a strange sight we must have presented among the horde of pious pilgrims hurrying forward to the sacred shrine.

The road is densely thronged: here comes a little band of Persians, the men simply clothed, and wearing black or white skull-caps. Mules with *kawajabs*, or panniers, carry the women and children of the party, two or three on either side, and the poor beasts look terribly overladen. Some are weighed down with enormous curtained frameworks, concealing the fairest of the harem, while others bear a couple of rude coffins, containing the bones of the elders of the family, being conveyed for burial to the neighborhood of Kerbela. The remains have often been kept for months, and as the coffins are generally old packing-cases hastily put together, the stench issuing therefrom is frequently overpowering. White asses there are in numbers, bestridden by the heads of the families or their wives, clad in long blue gowns, trousers, and the inevitable veil, hiding everything except their black eyes. Turcomans, looking fierce in their sheep-skin hats; Biluchis, with unkempt locks; natives of India,

and solitary pilgrims from Yarkand and the outlying Mahomedan countries of Asia—all mix in the crowd, pushing forward to reach Meshed Husain before the close of the Muharram festival.

For two hours we rode in this strange company, cheered by the tinkling of the mule-bells and the chatter of the people; and then we left the main road and struck across country. The ride was full of little incidents, and at times almost exciting. The track that we followed was a short cut, and crossed numerous canals and water-courses, which had to be forded. Some of these were deep and muddy, and getting up and down the slimy banks was no easy matter. The *kawass* proved himself a fearless guide, and though on one occasion his horse slipped on a bank and rolled over with him into four feet of water, his dignity never forsook him, and on emerging from his bath he merely shook himself and frowned at our cruel jeers. We all had mishaps of one kind or another, and twice my little beast lost his footing and let me down. During part of the day's march we passed through extensive tracts of grazing ground, where we came across an immense number of sheep and camels. These latter animals represent the wealth of the Arabs, a man being accounted rich or poor according to the number he possesses. If he have a hundred camels he is considered wealthy, while the owner of no more than ten is poor. The color of the beasts varies considerably in these parts, ranging from dark brown to snowy white, and the young ones are the funniest little things imaginable, resembling the fluffy toy-donkeys of our nursery days.

As we approach the outskirts of Kerbela we get among the pilgrims again, and the country far and wide is dotted with groups of travellers. At length a high-arched bridge leads us over a canal, and we enter the palm-groves and burial-grounds which surround the sacred spot. The cemeteries extend for miles, as the Shiab who is fortunate enough to be buried within the

precincts of Kerbela gains for his soul the certainty of a place in Paradise.

Beyond the palm-groves we find gardens shaded by orange, fig, and mulberry trees, for the country is fertile and well-watered by the Nahr Husainieh, one of the numerous canals fed by the Euphrates. A high brick wall encircles the town, and on passing through the gate the principal street of the town is at once entered. It is wide and roofed over, and densely crowded with gaily dressed Orientals, who, however, pay little attention to our cavalcade. We had a letter of introduction to the nawab (the British agent), to whose palace we at once repaired and received a hearty welcome. Apartments were handed over to us, and an excellent roof-top, on which we principally dwelt: food also was provided, and we were fain to partake of rice, kabobs, pillau, and other native fare, with the sweetest of sugary sherbet. Our host, who laid himself out to please us, came with each meal, and, attended by half-a-dozen retainers, considered it his duty to watch us eat. At first this was rather disconcerting, and the endeavor to keep up a flowing conversation in Hindustani a sore trial. The talking part of the entertainment fell on my shoulders, my companions pleading ignorance of the language, and as I exhausted every topic at the first sitting, I got to regard these gatherings as anything but a pleasure. In time, however, we forgot the presence of the nawab and his party, and they conversed among themselves while we did the same, and I honestly believe that it was a relief to all. The ladies of this strictly Mahomedan household did not put in an appearance; but we were aware that the courtyard, wherein we feasted, was overlooked by the lattices of the harem, and we frequently caught a glimpse of several pairs of almond eyes evidently enjoying the fun. My companions were anxious to start a Zenana Mission on the spot, but I refused to interpret for them, and so they were forced to abandon the project.

The day after our arrival was the anniversary of Husain's death—a day of universal mourning, when the feelings of the people, worked upon by ten days' grief, fasting, and prayer, were liable to carry them away. Hamadi, our Persian servant, professed to be a good Shiah, and, clothed in new raiment, attended frequently at the great mausoleum. He refused to take us about the place, and appeared, moreover, to regard us somewhat in the light of an encumbrance; thus knowing that a fanatic sticks at nothing for the salvation of his soul, we began to think that it would have been wiser to have deferred our visit until after the Muharram. We determined, however, to see the matter through at any cost, and we had the satisfaction of feeling that we had revolvers handy, and could at any rate send half-a-dozen souls to Paradise before we were finished off. The nawab seemed rather uneasy at having us under his roof, conscious, no doubt, that he was more or less responsible to the Turks for our safety. I told him that we should like to see the town and what was going on, at which his face fell, and he assured us that to walk abroad at this season would be to court great danger, the place being full of fanatical and wild Asiatics, for whose actions no one could be accountable. One of his attendants, however—a Persian, with some knowledge of the world (acquired during a pilgrimage to Mecca and a visit to India)—rose to the occasion, and told the nawab that he would show us everything that was possible, and would vouch for our safety, if we were careful in our bearing towards the people.

Under the guidance of our new friend, and escorted by a bodyguard of eight *zaptichs* armed with rifles, we were shown the sights of Kerbela. The narrow street was filled with noisy, jostling natives, whom the *zaptichs* unceremoniously pushed aside out of our way: why no one resented this officiousness I cannot think, but, with the exception of an occasional surly look and a muttered curse, we received no in-

civility. Kerbela contains five mosques, the most important of which is the mosque of Husain, standing almost in the centre of the town. It is, of course, quite impossible for an unbeliever to enter the sacred enclosure, but from the high roof of a neighboring house, to which our guide conducted us, we obtained an excellent view of the whole building. As we approached the mosque the Persian ordered us to quicken our pace and follow him closely without stopping. Then hurrying through a narrow bazaar, where trade appeared to be brisk, we passed the principal gate of the mosque, through which the pilgrims were pouring in hundreds.

The gateway was large, and beautifully decorated with Arabic inscriptions and scrolls: at one side hung a massive chain which each person as he passed kissed reverently. Within the gate we could see a courtyard paved with gaudy tiles, and filled with booths and stalls for the sale of relics and Kerbela stones, the latter being small brick slabs made out of dust from the shrine, and much sought after by pilgrims. We caught but a glimpse of the interior, for even hurrying by as fast as we were able, we noticed that the crowds who lined the narrow street were regarding the presence of the infidels with anything but good humor. All eyes were turned towards us, and flashing unmistakable looks of hatred and anger at our intrusion. The word *Kaffir*, and other expressions which (perhaps happily) we did not understand, were freely made use of, and we found ourselves suddenly hustled through a narrow gateway in a wall, and the door slammed behind us. "Just in time," said the Persian: "they don't like Christians looking at their mosque, and Christians have never been here before in Muharram-time."

Our sanctuary was a pleasant little garden in front of a house of some pretensions. The owner, who was a relation of our Persian friend, received us very kindly, and served us with coffee and pipes, after discussing which

we retired to the roof, whence we looked down into the courtyard of the mosque, and obtained a magnificent view of the town and the surrounding country.

In plan the mosque is almost a perfect square, and covers a considerable area. The four outer walls face the cardinal points and have seven gateways—one to the south and two on each of the other sides. The names of the gates are—south, Bab el Kibl; east, Kathi el Hagât and es Safi; west, el Zeneb and es Sultani; and north, es Soddar and Sahna el Sirir. Within the outer enclosure is a wide paved courtyard; then a second wall with seven gates, and handsome minarets surmounting the southern angles. Another courtyard follows, on the western side of which are three holy spots—the place where Husain fell, the tomb of his child Saïd Ibrahim, and the tomb of his banner-bearer Habib ibn Mazakir. The third enclosure wall has five gates, and within it is the tomb of the seventy warriors who fell with Husain, and the supposed birth-place of Jesus. Lastly, in an open space, stands the Holy of Holies—the great domed mausoleum of Husain Shah, the sole entrance to which is by the Bab el Mural, or gate of Hope. Within are two tombs, that of Imam Husain, and of his two sons Ali Akbar and Ali Azrar. The dome is a magnificent and costly work of art, being tiled with slabs of pure gold, and inlaid with Koranic inscriptions and other designs in various colored enamel. When we saw it, however, its beauty was partly concealed by a black drapery, on which was embroidered a verse from the Mahomedan Bible, while at its summit floated the black flag of mourning in honor of the martyr. The courtyards were seething with people, and in one part of the enclosure the Passion-play was being enacted, dense crowds gathering round the impromptu stage, and covering every available space on the roofs of the booths and tops of the walls. Streams of worshippers were passing into and out of the tomb-chamber.

which, from our lofty point of view, resembled for all the world a mammoth hive, with countless bees swarming round its solitary entrance.

Close by the Mosque of Husain is a somewhat similar though smaller one, that of another martyr—Abbas, Husain's half-brother. Like its great neighbor, it was clothed in mourning draperies, and receiving due attention from bands of devout pilgrims.

As the hour for evening prayer drew near we left our quiet retreat and made our way back to our quarters, where we met the nawab just on the point of starting for the mosque. Mounted on a superb black Arab horse, whose color showed off to advantage the crimson saddle and massive silver trappings, sat the fine, imposing figure of our host, looking, in his costly silken robes, "every inch a king." Around him were his numerous attendants, for the great man was going to pray in state and as befitted his position. One thing amused us not a little: Hamadi, evidently in order to gain importance in the eyes of Kerbela, had attached himself to the nawab's staff, and assumed a prominent place in the procession. If they could only have seen the dirty scoundrel in the desert, surrounded by his cooking-pots!

The most interesting feature in the celebration of the Muharram took place that night after dark, and consisted of a monster procession of mourners. Again we were indebted to the Persian *haji* for obtaining a good view of all that went on. At 8.30 we were conducted by back streets to the shop of a cloth-merchant, which had upper windows at the corner of the streets leading from the mosque of Abbas to that of Husain. Here, seated on bales of cotton goods bearing the name of a Manchester firm, we looked down on the weird scene beneath us. No lights were permitted in our apartment for fear lest a sight of the "accursed Kaffirs" might rouse the people, whose religious frenzy was now at its highest pitch. I do not think that the merchant himself was too well pleased at our presence, for on the approach of

the first procession I heard him whisper to our guardian, "If they are seen, my house will be burnt down." However, here we were, and here we had every intention of remaining, unless the fanatics made it too warm for us.

At nine o'clock the gates of the smaller mosque are thrown open, and a chorus of voices is heard chanting the monotonous refrain, "Husain! Husain! *Ya Husain!*" Then commences one of the most marvellous and harrowing spectacles that it is possible to imagine. Each Shiah country is represented by its band of mourners, headed by torch-bearers and trumpeters, the Persians leading the way. Down the narrow street, now ablaze with light from the flickering torches, slowly moves a party of a hundred olive-skinned fanatics stripped to the waist, and beating time with frantic energy on their breasts, as they shout forth their dirge-like song. Beneath our window the procession halts, and, facing inwards, the two lines of seemingly demented beings beat faster on their breasts, and shout till their lungs threaten to burst. Cries of "Husain!" given forth at times in a wild, piercing shriek, rend the air and almost deafen us. The blows are beginning to tell, for, after all, the bodies are but human. The hands of the mourners become tinged with blood, still they do not desist, but rather strike the harder; their fanaticism has apparently destroyed all sense of pain. Suddenly one of the group leaves his place, and, turning in our direction, utters a yell. Instinctively we draw back, thinking that we have been discovered; but our fears prove groundless, for the maniac merely falls forward on his face and heaps dust on his head, returning shortly to the ranks. A few others go through the same performance, and the procession passes on to Husain's mosque.

Khojahs from India follow, then a small party of Shiah Arabs, like the Persians, all beating wildly on their breasts and singing lustily. Last of the mourners come the strange forms of the Turcomans, clad in long sheep-

skin coats and adorned with shaggy headdresses of astrakhan. Their appearance is fierce and warlike, each bearing in his hand a drawn sword, which he brandishes aloft, evidently with the intention of showing his desire to wipe out Husain's enemies, should opportunity offer. Later on in the night, when the Passion-play is being witnessed for the last time, these strange devotees not unfrequently lacerate themselves in a terrible manner with their weapons, and two or three self-inflicted deaths, we are told, occur at Kerbela every year during the Muharram.

The procession of pilgrims occupied an hour or more, when the scene changed, and we found ourselves suddenly plunged into the story of the martyrdom. The chief characters of the Passion-play filed by, and though the attempts at realistic representation were almost ridiculous in our sober eyes, they doubtless appealed to the religious susceptibilities of the Faithful. White horses, with red paint pouring from countless impossible wounds, were ridden by children, intended to represent the offspring of Husain. Then came the female relations of the martyr, the standard-bearer, and a host of warriors, and lastly the corpse of the hero himself, borne on a bier and freely bedaubed with blood. These all made their way, amidst much weeping and lamentation, to the mausoleum, whence towards midnight they returned.

The light of the last torch had died out, and the streets were dark and silent. The pilgrims, wearied with their long season of prayer, had gone off to their various quarters. Presently, from the direction of the Mosque of Abbas, we heard the sound of many voices uplifted in song; the sounds grew louder, and again a row of torch-bearers entered the street, followed by a procession of Moullahs chanting a not unmelodious hymn. The sight presented by the long line of aged priests, clothed from head to foot in spotless white, was most impressive. Advancing slowly and solemnly up

the street, no trace of fanaticism in their movements, they showed too plainly by their careworn faces how they had been spending the previous week, while their earnest voices told of their religious zeal. They moved like men walking in their sleep, with lustreless eyes gazing into space, and they passed quietly on to the last resting-place of their saint, when silence once more took possession of the town.

All was over. We had lived in a new world; we had seen people, at ordinary times quiet and apathetic, reduced to a state bordering on madness by no other means than the remembrance of a tragedy twelve centuries old. In these enlightened days the whole thing seems too extraordinary to be believed, and yet we are told that what we witnessed is nothing to what sometimes takes place on these occasions, when blood flows freely from the self-inflicted wounds of the demented mourners. We had, however, seen enough—our heads were dizzy with looking on the strange sights; and as we wended our way homewards, through the now deserted streets, we could not help thinking of the impossibility of Christianizing the Mahomedans. A visit to Kerbela during the Muharram would, I am afraid, change the views of many a sanguine believer in conversion.

From Temple Bar.
FONTENOY.

"Bravery," says a famous writer, "never goes out of fashion;" and it is the truth of the remark which alone makes it possible for Englishmen to read with patience the story of the "War of Jenkins' Ear." In the history of those abortive campaigns one hesitates which to pronounce the more wonderful: the indomitable courage of our men or the abysmal incompetence of their leaders. Never did generals court discomfiture with such perverse ingenuity, never did troops heap greater

discredit on the rules of war. They broke out of the "mouse-trap" on the brook of Dettingen, in which Noailles vowed he had them safe; they burst through the lines at Fontenoy, which Saxe had even doubted their attacking; they saw the moon rise over Roucoux on the scene of a Pyrrhic victory; and they turned on the outskirts of Lauffeld to hurl back the pursuit of the victors. What such men, properly led, could do was shown within a decade, when, in the phrase of the Great Frederick, "England having been a long time in labor at last brought forth a man."

When, however, in 1738, the redoubtable skipper Jenkins held up his ear at the Bar of the House, and told how a Spaniard had cut it off, and bidden him carry it to his king, the Great Commoner was still sitting amidst "the Boys" on the Opposition benches, engaged in hounding Walpole into war. "They may ring their bells now," said the minister, as he bowed to the popular clamor; "soon they will be wringing their hands." The existence of the "Family Compact" was not known to Walpole when he spoke, but with one British admiral shouting his orders in the Bay of Naples, and another sending his round shot plunging over Portobello, he saw that war with France was the inevitable corollary to a rupture with Spain. So manifest indeed was this that when, in 1742, he was at last driven from power, his successors took the strong step of sending an army under Lord Stair to threaten Dunkirk. No shot was fired that year. So taxed was France by the schemes of universal monarchy with which Belle Isle was stuffing the wig of King Louis, she could only respond by placing a corps of observation on the frontier.

Late in the spring of the new year King George joined the army. At the beginning of June his outposts came in collision with those of the French. In the manœuvres which followed Noailles had so completely the best of it that, by the end of the month, he was able to boast he had caught the English in a "mouse-trap" which left them no alternative to a capitulation except a battle

without hope of victory. Stair, of course, elected to fight. On the 27th of June, after a struggle of ten hours, his red-coats smashed the mouse-trap into splinters on the brook of Dettingen, and flung the French into the Maine, cheered on by little George, who had dismounted from a bolting charger and placed himself at the head of the infantry, with the jest, "Now I shall not run away." It was his Majesty's last battle. For the future he restricted his bellicose impulses to showing himself, on holidays, to his people in the coat he had worn at Oudenarde. The command in the field he bestowed on Marshal Wade, whose engineering triumphs in the Highlands are recorded in the historic bull,

If you'd seen the roads before they were made,

You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade.

Whatever Wade's merits may have been as an embryo Macadam, as a soldier they did not exist. He gave proof of considerable sagacity, however, in keeping out of reach of Saxe; and at the end of the campaign he might have echoed the complacent boast with which Walpole once met Queen Caroline's demands for war: "There are fifty thousand men killed this year in Europe, and not one Englishman." In this way he achieved Westminster Abbey.

The campaign of 1745 was planned by the French on a scale of magnificence never attempted since the Grand Monarch entertained the ladies of Versailles before the walls of Mons. Its object was to complete the reduction, commenced in the previous year, of the border fortresses; and with this object an army of seventy-six thousand men crossed the frontier, and proceeded to invest Tournay.

Early in May, Louis left Paris for the army, attended by a procession of coaches conveying his mistresses and the ladies of the court. The roads which, a few weeks previously, had been gay with the splendid uniforms of innumerable battalions, were choked by an immense train of wagons and

sumpter mules, laden with plate and tapestry, wines and culinary utensils, escorted by a host of cooks and serving-wenchs, lackeys, and laundry-women, actors, huntsmen, and musicians, all marching on Tournay.

On the 7th of May, after much jolting over country roads, this motley assemblage arrived before the town, and took up its quarters at the château of Chin, close to the pontoons across the Scheld. The camp was at once invested with all the splendor of a court. The lines which, a day previously, had been adorned by nothing save the dusty uniforms of the troops and the ragged petticoats of trulls and sutlers, were resplendent with the miraculous toilettes of the *Ceil de Bœuf*, and all the sartorial triumphs of the *Rue St. Honoré*. The king had brought with him the princesses and his mistress, with their bevy of ladies-in-waiting, and around them hovered a body of the most splendid aristocracy in Europe. The Marquis d'Argenson, the minister, was present with his secretaries. The dauphin and six princes of the blood vied in the magnificence of their establishments. D'Estrées was there; the chivalrous Grammont, and Richelieu, the friend of the philosopher Voltaire, the "blackguard" of the philosopher Carlyle; Talleyrand, the grandfather of the lame bishop of "the Terror;" the descendants of those two old enemies, Marshal Biron and Berthon de Crillon, whose rapier leapt from its scabbard at sight of a swordsman, with the genial greeting, "I am Crillon! Fight me!" and Saint Sauveur, and Saint George, and De Craon, and the bearer of many another historic name. Unless it were Belle Isle and Cognj, for Maillebois, with his painted face hardly counted as such, none of his Majesty's great officers were absent.

Living in a tent, surrounded by a cordon of sentries ordered by the doctors to bar the ingress of the ladies of his seraglio, was Maurice Saxe, prostrate with drowsy, but still the first of European soldiers, and the brain of the army before Tournay. With him were the veteran Noailles, the tactician

Lowendahl, and Soubise, and Contades, and the Jacobite Lord Clare, all one day to grasp the marshal's bâton; and more terrible than these, the Hotspur of the Irish Brigade, Lally of Tullendaly, who had rallied the army in the rainstorm on the night of Dettingen, on whom Saxe pronounced the magnificent eulogy: "One may sleep in peace if Lally faces the foe." To these proud and high-spirited nobles war was at once a pastime and a duty, in which they hurried from the brilliantly illuminated supper-table to the grim darkness of the trenches, or turned from applauding the art of Madame Favart and her troupe, to cheer their men through the drifting smoke of the battlefield.

The news that Saxe had invested Tournay roused the allies into action. Late in April, a force of fifty-three thousand men was concentrated round Brussels, under the command of the young Duke of Cumberland, a prince whose tactical knowledge was about equal to that of Rupert. Half the armies and creeds of Europe were represented in its ranks. There were white-coated Imperialists from the Danube, with their priests and mass-books; the blue uniforms of the Dutch Calvinists, and the Lutherans of Hanover; English Episcopallians in their three-cornered hats, their skirted scarlet coats, and their long white leggings; the grey horses of the Scotch Presbyterian troopers, the kilts and bonnets of the Highlanders, and the Orange dragoons of the north of Ireland, who, in spite of the bigotry of their tenets, worthily maintained the traditions of the army which, half a century earlier, "swore terribly in Flanders."

On the 8th of May the allies, advancing leisurely by the way of Soignies, occupied Maublée. Next night they bivouacked about a mile from the French outposts, between Bougnies and Maubray. Saxe at once took steps to cover his works. The Marquis de Breze with eighteen thousand men was left to hold the trenches, and dispute any sorties from the town; six thousand more under

Lowendahl were massed about the pontoons across the Scheld, over which, in the event of defeat, the army would be forced to retreat; the remainder, some fifty-two thousand, were drawn up beyond the river, across the highroads converging on Tournay.

The position selected by Saxe extended along the top of a gentle slope. His left rested on the village of Ramecroix, situated behind a projecting arm of the wood of Barry, thence the line wound along the hill till it reached the village of Fontenoy, whence, still following the hill, it bent back, almost at a right angle, and terminated in the village of Antoin, close to the bank of the Scheld. The natural strength of this position Saxe augmented by every means at his command. From the brow of the ridge one hundred and ten guns swept the meadows and marshes at its foot. The three villages, with their gardens, their barns, and their orchards, were converted into miniature fortresses. His left could not be turned unless the wood were first carried; and the wood had been heavily entrenched, and was flanked on either side by a huge redout armed with guns which, in conjunction with those of Ramecroix and Fontenoy, created a cross-fire along the entire wing. His left was rendered equally inaccessible by the Scheld and its marshes, whilst a battery, mounted on a hill beyond the river, swept every approach to Antoin.

Behind these entrenchments Saxe drew up his army in three lines. The first was formed of eighteen regiments of Infantry and one of cavalry. A battalion of sharpshooters occupied the wood of Barry, the redouts on the outskirts of which were held by the regiment d'Eu, which gave its name to them. Immediately behind the wood, in support of these troops, was placed the Irish Brigade, a force which, in an existence of half a century, had won for itself the greatest fighting record in the service. The ground between the wood and Fontenoy was held by the Swiss, the regiment d'Aubeterre, and the Gardes Françaises, the last eager to cast off the nickname of the

"Ducks of the Maine," given them by their comrades in mockery of their plunge into the river before the English bayonets at Dettingen. Round Fontenoy itself were massed the brigades de Dauphin and du Roi, whilst along the hillside to Antoin were ranged those of Bettens and Crillon, with the regiments de Piedmont and de Biron. The second and third lines were composed of sixty-five squadrons of cavalry, amongst which might be seen the red coats of the Irish Dragoons and the great kerchiefs of the Cravattes. In the rear of his left centre Saxe placed in reserve some of the most famous regiments under his command—the Carabiniers, the Black Mousquetaires, and the Maison du Roi itself.

On the morning of the 10th Cumberland broke up his camp and proceeded to clear his front. Had his artillery not been delayed by the state of the roads, he would have engaged at once. As it was, the battle seemed so imminent that Louis spent the afternoon and evening on horseback in the French lines, and only retired at sunset to the mill at Calonne, where he had arranged to pass the night. The French troops bivouacked on the ground. Saxe, having satisfied himself that his position was impregnable, ordered his tent to be pitched in their midst.

There was, however, one man in the army who did not share his confidence. Lally had seen English infantry stand unbroken for hours under artillery fire, and then close with the shock of an earthquake, and a dread lest the disaster of Dettingen should be repeated on the morrow, led him to spend the evening in riding round the position to see if it was as impregnable as Saxe believed. An inspection of the ground between Fontenoy and Antoin convinced him that the line might be pierced by a determined assault. His observations were at once reported to Saxe. In the gathering twilight the engineers got to work. By daybreak three new redouts, mounting sixteen guns, linked the villages together.

The construction of these works caused Saxe to slightly modify his dis-

positions. A battalion of the Swiss was moved from the right to garrison them, and the section of the line thus weakened was reinforced by the regiments de la Couronne and Royal originally stationed in the rear of the Irish. At the same time a brigade of Lowendahl's reserve was brought up from the rear to occupy Ramecroix, in place of the Marines and the brigade of Normandie sent to take the ground vacated by de la Couronne and Royal.

The morning of the 11th broke fine. By four Louis was in the saddle. A little later he met Saxe, who had been carried from his tent in a litter, by the church of Notre Dame des Bois. It was still dark when the reveille sounded in the allies' lines. At two the columns began to debouch from Vezon and Maubray, to take up the positions assigned to them. The English and Hanoverians were to attack from the wood to Fontenoy, the Dutch and Austrians from Fontenoy to Antoin. If the assaults were successful the French centre would be severed from both its wings, and the line of retreat across the Scheld interrupted. The operation was the simplest imaginable, but whether troops could be induced to face the terrible cross-fire of the batteries was another thing. Saxe gave it as his deliberate opinion that they would not.

At six the guns opened fire. For three hours, while the allies were deploying their columns, the artillery duel thundered across the field. The Duc de Grammont was the first man to fall. The British gunners caught sight of him, mounted on a great white charger, in front of Fontenoy, and aimed at him, for a wager, till one of them brought him down with a ball which tore away both his thighs. A moment later General Campbell, who commanded the British cavalry, had his leg shot off. In the confusion which followed, his division, which was to have covered the formation of the infantry, remained out of action, and Ligonier was compelled to dress his ranks exposed to a heavy fire.

At nine the drums beat the assault.

Waldeck having launched one division of his Dutch and Austrians against Antoin, put himself at the head of the second, and rushed up at Fontenoy. The result was never for a moment in doubt. The troops under Waldeck's own eye fought respectably, and the battalion which bore his name displayed conspicuous gallantry, but the conduct of the remainder was execrable. The fire of the guns on their front staggered the attack, and when the battery beyond the river opened on their flank, mowing down whole files at a time, the entire line gave way, and fled in a confused crowd to the rear, where they were with difficulty rallied behind some earthworks which had been thrown up in the night. One colonel, indeed, never stopped his men till they were safe behind the walls of Hal, whilst another galloped into Ath, at the head of his troopers, and hurried off a despatch to the States, explaining that the allied army had been cut to pieces, and that the only survivors were the men his resolution had kept together.

Meantime things had not been going much better on the right. At the moment of Waldeck's advance Cumberland had ordered Ingoldsby, with Zastrow's Hanoverians, and the 12th, 13th, and 42nd, to clear the wood of Barry, and silence the guns of En. Ingoldsby found the wood swarming with infantry, and the redouts and abattis bristling with cannon, and sent an urgent appeal to the duke for guns. Three six-pounders were at once ordered to his assistance. Still he delayed on the ground that the Blues, who were to have supported him, had not yet advanced. This was too much for Cumberland, who was already viewing with concern the total collapse of the attack of his left wing. Galloping over to Ingoldsby, he gave him what he intended for a peremptory order to at once carry the wood. Even this command Ingoldsby misconstrued, and the mistake cost him his commission. He maintained at his trial that he understood the duke to mean that he was to avoid the entrenchments, and advance along the edge of the wood in line with

the main attack, but the court which broke him inclined to the rough verdict of a contemporary that he "had smelt too long at the physic to care to swallow it." At any rate he wasted the whole day in an aimless demonstration on the French left, and his conduct was fatal to his chief. Even if he failed to carry the redouts, he might by masking their batteries, and employing the troops in their neighborhood, have prevented Saxe at the critical moment strengthening his centre at the expense of his left, and enable Cumberland to push home the grand attack to a successful issue.

And now a second attempt was made to carry Fontenoy. Waldeck, reinforced by the Hanoverians, and by the Buffs and the Black Watch, the latter withdrawn from Ingoldsby's command, struck at the north and south faces of the entrenchments. The Dutch had by this time little fight left in them. The showers of mud and grape and round shot which swept their ranks like sleet at every discharge of the great guns, which Saxe had brought up from the trenches to arm the defences of the village, completely staggered them. For the second time the mob of armed men rushed down the hill, splashing through the water-courses and scrambling over the hedges in their haste to reach the rear. The colonels of the English regiments, left alone under the guns of the village, had no choice but to draw off their men. They were slowly retiring when they met the Hanoverians advancing with the utmost steadiness to the attack, and were ordered to close up in support of them. This time the struggle was a bitter one. Not until the ditches were choked with red and blue uniforms did the stormers recoil, and retire sullenly on their reserves.

Whilst this attempt was being made to carry Fontenoy on the south, Cumberland was endeavoring to turn the village on the north. It was ten o'clock when he led the British infantry down the opposite slope. As they reached the bottom the guns of Fontenoy opened on them with murderous effect. "In a moment," wrote Saxe, "the ravine was

filled with dead bodies; still they held on." The hill was climbed. The French centre was pierced. The enemy's line had been forced back three hundred paces, when suddenly the duke gave the word to halt. It was imperative. Waldeck's attack had been repulsed on the left, Ingoldsby was motionless upon the right, and he felt he was entangling his men with a force ten times their strength. There was nothing for it but to descend the hill with their back to the terrible fire they had a few minutes earlier so fearlessly faced. The drums beat the retreat. The British drew slowly off, and halted out of range of the French cannon, on the hillside by the wood of Barry.

The battle was clearly going against the allies. In the phrase of the great Rembrandt of words, the laws of nature were proving too powerful for the Martial Boy, and it was evident that only a very determined effort could save the day. That effort Cumberland prepared to make. The attack upon Fontenoy was to be given up. The entire strength of the left wing was to be concentrated in an attempt to rush Antoin. The duke, with a curse at the poltroonery of the Dutch, swore he would break through with his own men between the wood and Fontenoy. The oath was likely to require some redeeming. Not even Lally had thought it worth while to strengthen the line at this point, and Saxe himself told the king, after the battle, he had not blocked the passage with an extra redout because he had not believed that there existed a general daring enough to attempt to force it. He had, however, reckoned without the indiscretion incidental to twenty-four summers. It is doubtful if the position ever existed his antagonist would have hesitated to attack.

It was almost noon when Ligonier ordered the guns forward to cover the formation of the troops. The ground being impracticable for cavalry or artillery, he was forced to place both those arms in reserve, excepting a few pieces which, with ropes substituted

for traces, he decided to have dragged into action by their gunners. Behind these he drew up the infantry in two long lines. The Hanoverians were on the right; the English, consisting of the Grenadier, the Coldstream, and Scots Guards, and the 1st, 3rd, 8th, 11th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 28th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, and 42nd, upon the left.¹ At last all was ready. Cumberland put himself at the head of his men and immediately the drums rolled out the assault.

As the troops, with a great shout, began to move down the incline, the enemy's batteries opened fire with instantaneous effect. From Eu to Fontenoy was but eight hundred paces, and so with heavy cannon playing on their flank at a distance of only two hundred paces from its centre, they reached the bottom of the ravine. It was, Crawford afterwards declared, the most glorious sight he had ever witnessed. At every step the fire increased in fury. The round shot ploughed up the ranks, felling whole files at a time, whilst a storm of chewed balls, splintered sword-blades, flints, jagged glass, and broken iron, burst in their faces and overhead, striking men down in every direction, and inflicting the most hideous wounds. Still the irresistible battalions held on, thundering back the roar of the cannon in a hurricane of cheers, and answering to voices of their officers, calling on them to close up the gaps with the steadiness of a parade.

As the ground narrowed under the entrenchments Cumberland modified his formation. The Hanoverians were ordered to fall back, and take up a position in the rear of the British as a third line. In this way they crushed between the batteries, and without having fired a shot won the summit of the hill. The French, sheltered by the ridge, could scarcely believe their eyes at the sight of the English gunners

slewing round their pieces to cover them. When they at length realized that it was one of the enemy's and not one of their own batteries, the officers of the Gardes Françaises rushed to the head of their men, shouting to them to deploy and charge the cannon. Almost at the same moment the Grenadiers cleared the hilltop, and began to descend upon them. It was then that there occurred that wonderful meeting which has charmed so many generations of readers.

Every one knows the description of the scene for which Voltaire was indebted to d'Argenson. How the French officers, in their blue and silver coats and their long scarlet vests and stocking, waited the approach of the Grenadiers hat in hand; how the redcoats doffed their marvellous shield-fronted caps, whilst Lord Charles Hay bowed to the opposing line, with the words: "Gentlemen of the French Guard, please to fire first!" to which the Comte d'Anteroche replied, "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire yourselves!" Such was a battle of the grand age as pictured by the aristocrat who saw the universe reflected in the mirrors of the *Œil de Bœuf*; but in the Lothian papers there is a yellow letter, written by Hay, in hospital, after the action, which gives a ruder, and it is to be feared more natural, version of the story.

For the last hour Hay had been watching his men falling under the deluge of refuse with which, in defiance of every law of civilized warfare, the French had crammed their cannon. Coming out now in front of the battalion, he took a long pull at his flask, and then shouting to the enemy that "he hoped they would stand till he got quite up to them, and not swim the Scheld as they had the Maine at Dettingen," coolly turned his back on them to tell his own men that "their foes were the French Guards, and he hoped they would thrash them." The whole regiment answered with a tremendous shout, and once more the red line rolled forward.

The rattle of musketry had already broken out upon the left. Scots Guards,

¹ Then the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Guards, and respectively the Royal North British, General Howard's Onslow's, Sowle's, Colonel Howard's, Bligh's, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Lord Rothe's, Bragg's, Handasyd's, Skelton's, Cholmondeley's, Johnson's, and Lord Sempil's.

advancing on the shoulder of the Grenadiers, were swept by such a whirlwind of lead that Lord Panmure, who re-dressed their ranks, found that whole companies had practically disappeared. The Grenadiers themselves had got within thirty yards of the enemy before the Gardes Françaises were given the word to fire. "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us duly thankful," roared a voice from the ranks, as the line strode sternly in upon the levelled barrels. Hay got a bullet in the arm, but the volley on the whole proved ineffectual. Then at last he himself gave the word. For the first time during that desperate march the English muskets came to the "present." Within twenty yards of their opponents' faces the regiment poured in one terrific volley. When the smoke lifted the French Guards were seen in headlong flight; over four hundred of their strength had been killed or wounded. The Swiss and the battalion de Courten were broken with equal rapidity, the one with a loss of two hundred and eighty-four, the other of two hundred and ninety-five men. The French line was pierced in its centre, and the British, with a fresh outburst of cheers, plunged through the gap.

Never have Englishmen fought more splendidly than on this day, not even when in the blinding storm of that historic May morning they hurled Soult's Frenchmen from the blood-soaked hill at Albuera. In the very delirium of the attack the majors were observed deliberately laying their canes along the musket barrels to make sure of their elevation, nor for one moment did the fire become wild. It was delivered in successive volleys of regiments passing along the entire line, so that by the time the left had emptied their firelocks the right had reloaded theirs. A spirit of superhuman courage seemed to have inspired the whole force, from the commander-in-chief to the little drummers sturdily beating the advance. The very sutlers who followed the trail of slaughter, like a flock of vultures, plied their hideous trade

with a sort of ghouliah recklessness; and when a cannon-ball dashed out the brains of one of them, as she was ripping the gold lace from the coat of a dead officer, her companion snatched the scissors from her relaxing fingers, and continued the work with composure.

There was Adam Ferguson, the chaplain of the 42nd, as unconcerned amidst the bullets as Cumberland himself, kneeling by one dying man after another, comforting and encouraging him. As for the duke, he might have been dipped like Achilles in the tide of the Styx. Blazing with gold and scarlet, and mounted on an enormous grey, the boy was the most conspicuous object on the field. Wherever the fight was sternest the men found him at their head, and heard his voice above the din of the battle, telling them to "remember Blenheim," and to be "worthy of England." One moment he rode up to the Welsh Fusiliers to thank a trooper of the Black Dragoons, who was fighting in his boots in the Grenadier company; the next he was in the midst of the "Black Watch," promising to take care of a Highlander whom he had seen cut down nine Frenchmen in rapid succession, before his arm was shot off in striking at a tenth. It was the first battle of the "Black Watch" under the Union Jack, and they fought, by the duke's permission, in the manner of their Highland warfare. At the moment of the enemy's discharge, they dropped suddenly to the ground, so that the massive figure of their colonel, Sir Robert Munro, planted before the ensigns carrying the colors, seemed to be left standing on a carpet of tartans, and then, as the bullets whistled overhead, starting like one man to their feet, to pour in their own fire and close with the bayonet. The French could never stand before these rushes. "The Highland furies," declared one of them, describing the battle, "broke upon us with more violence than a sea lashed by a tempest."

"There was now one dreadful hour," wrote d'Argenson that night from the field, "when we expected nothing less

than a repetition of Dettingen; our men being awed by the steadiness of the English, and by their rolling fire, which is really infernal." The situation was undoubtedly critical. General Lutteurs, who commanded the centre, galloped out of Fontenoy, where he had already been badly hurt, and with the Duc de Biron, put himself at the head of the regiment d'Aubeterre, and ordered it to advance. The British received it with a succession of deadly volleys. Lutteurs fell mortally wounded; Biron had his horse shot under him; the regiment staggered, broke, and fled with a loss of half its men. In the rout Biron found himself near his own regiment, du Roi, and calling on it to follow him, charged the British from the left. The Coldstreams, wheeling from their place in the line, advanced to meet him, and having destroyed his regiment with one terrific volley, which wounded him in two places, and struck down four hundred and sixty of his men, resumed its former position.

His first line having been splintered into fragments, Saxe hurried up his reserves, and ordered the cavalry to charge. Still every effort to break the British failed. Advancing at a slow march that astonishing infantry met each new opponent with a succession of smashing volleys, and hurled it backward in defeat. The Carabiniers lost twenty-seven officers alone. One moment Fitzjames's Dragoons were seen galloping to the rear, the next the Gardes du Corps were stopped by a discharge which emptied four hundred and sixty of their saddles. The Gendarmerie coming straight into action, after a forced march from Douai, were put out again in a few minutes. It was in vain that the battalions de Normandie, des Vaisseaux, and de la Couronne attempted to stem the tide; they lost their colonels and half their rank and file. No less than thirty-nine general officers had fallen in heading these repeated rushes. "How was it possible," passionately demanded Saxe, pausing where whole lines of the marines lay fallen in the very order of their attack,

"that such troops should be anything but victorious?"

The second French line had been crumpled up like the first. Cumberland was preparing to crush the third when suddenly he received a welcome reinforcement. All day the troops of Ingoldsby's brigade had been subjected to the demoralizing condition of being exposed to a fire they were unable to return. One of the finest soldiers in the service, Scipio Duroure, and a vast number of other officers and men, had fallen when the turn of Ingoldsby came to be carried to the rear. With his removal all hesitation ceased. Zastrow put himself at the head of the troops. The word was given to advance on the left; and plunging through the fire of the guns of Eu, which by this time had been reversed to bear on the English rear, they fought their way to Cumberland's assistance. They found the duke halting and deliberately changing his formation. On his front lay the French centre, a confused and discouraged mass; in his rear were the great redouts and the batteries which had been planted to dispute his passage, whose supply of projectiles, if he had only known it, was exhausted, whose gunners were firing blank cartridge to hide their impotency.

While Cumberland was breaking the French centre a final effort had been made by Waldeck to burst through the right wing. Once more the white and blue uniforms swarmed up along the marshes, and rushed in upon Antoin. It needed, however, the sternest courage to face the lava of lead and iron vomited out from those terrible earthworks, and the men who had recoiled from them in the morning were not the men to carry them in the afternoon. Had they been nothing could have saved Saxe, and he recognized this when he declared that to the redouts of Lally "the success of the day was beyond doubt due." The regiments of Hombourg and Groningen were amongst the first to give way, whilst that bearing the great name of Orange distinguished itself by its poltroonery. At last, when a discharge from the battery beyond the river

struck a squadron of cavalry in flank, and cut it down in a moment to fifteen men, the whole mass fled in uncontrollable panic, as though the French dragoons were already amongst them.

Meantime Cumberland, deserted by his allies, was making the best dispositions he could to maintain his position. He wheeled two of his lines outward, to right and left, so as to convert his formation into a sort of column or oblong of three faces. Had he only had his guns or cavalry with him he might yet have improved his advantage into a victory, but judging it impossible for horse to live where infantry hardly might, he had left them in the rear. He had, indeed, broken in where he was without considering what was to happen when he got there, or even leaving orders with his reserves for the event of success or failure. He seems, in short, to have persuaded himself that courage was generalship.

While Cumberland was effecting these changes a tumultuous council was being held on "Gallows Hill," from which Louis had all day watched the fight, under trees whose branches were filled with the unfortunate villagers of Fontenoy and its neighboring hamlets. There, amidst a crowd of mounted officers, was Saxe, sucking a bullet to alleviate his raging thirst as he lay calmly in his litter, more uneasy for the safety of the king, seeing that a ball had just shorn off the head of one of d'Argenson's attendants, than for that of the army. He seems to have made up his mind to secure his retreat, and then to make a final effort to smash the English. For this purpose he had sent orders to General de la Mark, who commanded the right, to take advantage of the repulse of the Dutch to evacuate Antoin, and concentrate its garrison on the bridge at Calonne, when suddenly Richelieu clattered up the hill, and reined in his horse. Ten minutes before, in skirting the edge of the wood, the duke had passed the Irish, and stopping to speak to Lally who, seething with impatience, was striding furiously up and down before their ranks, had learned from him that there was a

battery in reserve which could be used to crush the British column previous to a general charge. Now, in answer to a shout from Noailles for news, as his horse breasted the hill, he replied: "The battle is won. Turn on the English the guns reserved for the retreat, and let the whole army charge."

Saxe seems to have been unaware of this battery, and to have shared the belief of his officers that the enemy had completely severed him from his artillery; but its existence exactly suited his plans. A despatch was at once hurried off to prevent the evacuation of Antoin. The king broke up the council. In a moment the generals were spurring across the field. De Pequigni rode up to the gunners with the words, "No retreat!" Richelieu placed himself at the head of the Household; Soubise rallied the Gendarmerie; Saxe, lifted into his saddle, himself launched the Carabiniers, with an order to push home their charge till they felt the breasts of their horses touching the enemy's infantry. Lowendahl galloped away to the left, to let loose the Irish.

As the battery, the teams straining in the traces, came rapidly up the hill, covered by the massed squadrons of the third line and the reserves, the British looked to their priming, and prepared to renew the conflict. The guns were unlimbered within easy range, and, in a moment, the round shot was tearing its way through the dense wall of men. Cumberland's position had become desperate. His men, hampered in their efforts to close up by the dead and wounded continually pitching under their feet, prevented from deploying by the presence of the enemy's cavalry, and unable to silence the battery on account of the absence of his own, he knew hardly how to advance or to retreat. Still, those indomitable regiments stood firm, and showered their deadly volleys upon the heavy masses of the enemy, working up like thunderclouds across a summer sky. Suddenly the storm broke. The cannon ceased to roar, and wave upon wave of cavalry wheeled round the battery, and rode

straight in upon the column's head. Simultaneously the infantry swarmed up along its flanks. Thousands of bayonets flashed in the afternoon sun as the brigades du Roi, d'Aubeterre, and de la Couronne charged down upon the Hanoverians on the left, whilst on the right, leading the battalions des Vaisseaux and de Normandie, in advance even of the cavalry, a brigade, clad in scarlet, was closing with a terrific shout of "Remember Limerick!"

All the morning, the Irish, sheltered by the wood of Barry, had listened to the thunder of the cannon, and watched the clouds of fugitives streaming to the rear, as the English hurled back regiment after regiment from its position in the line. They had seen Roth's and Clare's temporarily disordered by the violence with which the Gardes Francoises and the Swiss had been flung back upon them; they had seen the Household, the Gendarmerie, and the Carabiniers pass along their flank at a canter, and disappear into the smoke at a gallop, only to emerge again in confusion with hundreds of riderless horses struggling to regain their places in the ranks; and they had seen Richeieu rein in his charger before Lally's and ride hurriedly off again after a few moments' conversation with its colonel. As the day wore on they began to fear that Dettingen was about to be repeated, and that it would again be their task, when all was over, to cover the retreat. Suddenly, a little before two, a general officer came spurring across the field, and Lowendahl pulled up beside Clare with the order to advance. Clare immediately repeated it. One after another the regiments of Berwick, Bulkeley, Clare, Dillon, Lally, and Roth, four thousand men of magnificent physique, wheeled round and formed upon their right. Lally gave the word, "Forward against the foes of Ireland and France, and do not fire till you feel your bayonets in their bellies." The drums struck up the "White Cockade," and with one thundering shout of "Remember Limerick and Saxon faith!" the brigade swept to the attack.

As they cleared the shoulder of the

wood they caught sight of the British upon the hill above them, formed in a sort of huge rough square, vomiting fire from three of its faces upon the ring of foes beginning to encircle it. They were the first to reach the slope, and as they did so the bullets began to fall amongst them; but the word had gone round to do it with the bayonet, and not a trigger was pulled in return.

Saxe watched them mount the hill with admiration. They "led the attack," he wrote in his dispatch, "with magnificent courage." It was in vain the British met them with their dreadful volleys; the fire which had routed the Household could not stay the exiles. Clare was down, Dillon was slain, Lally was streaming with blood, Roth had been wounded, a bullet had driven the cross of St. Louis Creagh wore on his bosom deep into the flesh, almost a third of the men had been swept away, but still the brigade held on. The English in the square could hear the survivors shouting to one another to "be steady" as they reeled under the murderous discharge. Suddenly the attack recoiled. An English officer had sprung into the open, and engaged Antony MacDonough as he was rushing in at the head of Clare's. For the few seconds the combat lasted the battle paused; then, as the Irishman disarmed his opponent, the brigade with a shout of exultation followed Lally as he flung himself upon the English bayonets.

The violence of the shock shattered the right flank of the column. For the first time that day the British ranks were disordered, and the redcoats mingled in a furious hand-to-hand struggle. As they did so the Carabiniers coming up from the rear mistook the uniforms of the brigade for those of the English, and were lifting their sabres when a shout of "Vive la France!" warned them of their mistake. As the Carabiniers drew off, the Household and the Gendarmerie, their horses smothered in blood high over their girths, forced their way through the gaps the cannon had torn in the head of the column, sabreing right and left. Every moment added to the weight of

the attack. Biron with the regiment du Roi, the brigades d'Aubeterre and de la Couronne, were already amidst the Hanoverians on the left, and now clattering across the Mons road, their colonel standing in his stirrups, his sword above his head, the dragoons of Chabillant came with a rush to their assistance. The troopers of Noailles, with de Croissi and his sons galloping at their head, cheered on the battalions des Vaisseaux and de Normandie as they came up together on the right. The ground shook with the thunder of forty squadrons as the Cravattes, Fitzjames's Irishmen, and the dragoons of Rousillon, de Berry, Brancas, and Brionne whirled against the front. From the rear came the blare of trumpets sounding the advance of the reserves, as the Black and Grey Mousquetaires, the light cavalry of the Guard, and the Grenadiers à cheval swept into the battle.

The rally of the French was complete, but the British were not yet done with. A battalion, whose long white leggings were almost as scarlet as their coats, was shouldering its way through the plunging horses and yelling men, and the Buffs, with drums beating and colors flying, burst out of the mêlée, and began once more to advance. Crawford never ceased to maintain that surrounded, outnumbered, and exhausted as they were, they would have conquered even yet: "it was a damned drum beating a retreat," he swore, which caused the fatal stagger from which they were never able to recover. In its frantic efforts to free itself, the column was undoubtedly giving ground, but in spite of their numbers the French were failing to keep their grip. "It seemed," said one of them, "as if we had been fighting against those enchanted legions which were visible and invisible at pleasure." As the English at last wrenched themselves loose, the duke gave the order to retreat. Ligonier rode back after the Buffs shouting, "Howard, cease beating your drums and retire." The horse¹ seeing the day

was lost, made a determined effort to reach the front. The Blues had actually scrambled over a covered way, and were re-forming on the other side, when a stampede of Dutch cavalry swept them to the rear. The amazing column, however, proved equal to conducting its own retreat. The French made one last effort to close again, but the Guards, the 34th, the 42nd, and Zastrow's met them with a volley which finally crushed the Carabiniers, and almost exterminated the regiment de Noailles. Cumberland himself, pistol in hand, rode back leisurely in the rear, again calling on the men to "be steady, and remember Blenheim."

On reaching the village of Vezon, the Buffs and the Highlanders were posted in the churchyard and along the hedges. There was, however, no pursuit. The French, in the expressive phrase of Saxe, "had had enough." The Black Watch were the last to take the road to Ath, on which the army had been ordered to retire. As they did so Crawford stood up in his stirrups, and raising his hat, bowed to them over his pommel, telling them they had acquired as much honor in covering so great a retreat as if they had gained the battle. The retreat was continued all through the night. Famished and exhausted as the men were, they had something worse to think of, and more than one colonel must have glanced back almost with consternation at the shrunken battalion lurching along behind him in the darkness. Scots Guards had suffered so severely that Panmure had massed the remnant with the Grenadiers; Scipio Duroure and three hundred and twenty of the 12th were lying out in the moonlight on the fatal hill; almost half the 23rd were missing; a little knot of eleven men was all that was left of the Grenadier company of the 31st. Day was again beginning to dawn as they defiled through the streets of Ath. Cumberland was the last man to pass the gates. As he did so the clocks were

¹ The Blues, The King's Regiment, now 1st Dragoon Guards. Ligonier's (The Black Dra-

goons), now 7th Dragoon Guards. Royal, now 1st Dragoons. North British, now Scots Greys. King's Own, now 3rd Hussars. Stair's, now Iniskillings. Queen's, now 7th Hussars.

striking three. The troops had been under arms for twenty-five hours.

It is a paradox, and a trite one, that there are defeats more glorious than victories. Our soldiers have had their shares of these. Such was the stand of the six regiments at Steinkirk, such was the retreat of the 44th through the snows of Afghan, and such was Fontenoy. No man understood this better than the great general who was opposed to us. Twice while the battle raged he expressed his admiration for the steadiness and courage of our troops, and long after he put on record, in the most generous and unequivocal words, his estimate of that incomparable infantry: "I question," he wrote, "whether there are many of our generals who dare attempt to pass a plain with a body of infantry, before a numerous cavalry, and flatter themselves that they could hold their ground for several hours, with fifteen to twenty battalions, in the middle of an army, as the English did at Fontenoy, without any change being made to shake them, or throw away their fire. This is what we have all seen, but self-love makes us unwilling to speak of it, because we are well aware it is beyond our imitation."

The burial-ground of the British army is the world. It extends from the Heights of Abraham to the New Zealand Bush, and from the pagodas of Peking to the desert about the Pyramids. Yet in all that vast country it is doubtful if there lies entombed a greater company of heroes than the men who are sleeping on the Flanders hillside by the orchards of Fontenoy.

FREDERICK DIXON.

From The Contemporary Review.
SOCIALISM FOR MILLIONAIRES.

The millionaire class, a small but highly interesting one, into which any of us may be flung to-morrow by the accidents of commerce, is perhaps the most pitifully neglected in the community. As far as I know, this is the first magazine article that has ever

been written for them. In reviewing the advertisements of the manufactures of the country, I find that everything is produced for the million and nothing for the millionaire. Children, boys, youths, "gents," ladies, artisans, professional men, even peers and kings are catered for; but the millionaire's custom is evidently not worth having: there are too few of him. Whilst the poorest have their Rag Fair, a duly organized and busy market in Houndsditch, where you can buy a boot for a penny, you may search the world in vain for the market where the £50 boot, the special cheap line of hats at forty guineas, the cloth of gold bicycling suit, and the Cleopatra claret, four pearls to the bottle, can be purchased wholesale. Thus the unfortunate millionaire has the responsibility of prodigious wealth without the possibility of enjoying himself more than any ordinary rich man. Indeed, in many things he cannot enjoy himself more than many poor men do, nor even so much; for a drum-major is better dressed; a trainer's stable-lad often rides a better horse; the first-class carriage is shared by office-boys taking their young ladies out for the evening; everybody who goes down to Brighton for Sunday rides in the Pullman car; and of what use is it to be able to pay for a peacock's-brain sandwich when there is nothing to be had but ham or beef? The injustice of this state of things has not been sufficiently considered. A man with an income of £25 a year can multiply his comfort beyond all calculation by doubling his income. A man with £50 a year can at least quadruple his comfort by doubling his income. Probably up to even £250 a year doubled income means doubled comfort. After that the increment of comfort grows less in proportion to the increment of income until a point is reached at which the victim is satiated and even surfeited with everything that money can procure. To give him another hundred thousand pounds, under the impression that you are benefiting him, on the general ground that men like money, is exactly

as if you were to add two hours to the working day of a confectioner's shopboy on the general ground that boys are fond of sweets. What can the wretched millionaire do that needs a million? Does he want a fleet of yachts, a Rotten Row full of carriages, an army of servants, a whole city of town houses, or a continent for a game preserve? Can he attend more than one theatre in one evening, or wear more than one suit at a time, or digest more meals than his butler? Is it a luxury to have more money to take care of, more begging-letters to read, and to be cut off from those delicious Alnaschar dreams in which the poor man, sitting down to consider what he will do in the always possible event of some unknown relative leaving him a fortune, forgets his privation? And yet there is no sympathy for this hidden sorrow of plutocracy. The poor alone are pitied. Societies spring up in all directions to relieve all sorts of comparatively happy people, from discharged prisoners in the first rapture of their regained liberty to children revelling in the luxury of an unlimited appetite; but no hand is stretched out to the millionaire, except to beg. In all our dealings with him lies implicit the delusion that *he* has nothing to complain of, and that he ought to be ashamed of rolling in wealth whilst others are starving.

And it is to be observed that this plight of his is getting constantly worse and worse with the advance of civilization. The capital, the energy, the artistic genius that used to specialize itself for the supply of beautiful things to rich men, now turns to supply the needs of the gigantic proletariats of modern times. It is more profitable to be a nineteenth-century ironmonger in Tottenham Court Road than it was to be a Florentine armorer in the fifteenth century. The very millionaire himself, when he becomes a railway director, is forced to turn his back on his own class, and admit that it is the third-class passenger who pays. If he takes shares in a hotel, he learns that it is safer, as a matter of com-

mercial policy, to turn a lord and his retinue out of doors than to disoblige a commercial traveller or a bicyclist in the smallest reasonable particular. He cannot get his coat made to fit him without troublesome tryings-on and alterations, unless he goes to the cheap ready-money tailors, who monopolize all the really expert cutters, because their suits must fit infallibly at the first attempt if the low prices are to be made pay. The old-fashioned tradesman, servile to the great man and insolent to the earner of weekly wages, is now beaten in the race by the universal provider, who attends more carefully to the fourpenny and tenpenny customers than to the mammoth ship-builder's wife sailing in to order three grand pianos and four French governesses. In short, the shops where Dives is expected and counted on are only to be found now in a few special trades, which touch a man's life but seldom. For every-day purposes the customer who wants more than other people is as unwelcome and as little worth attending to as the customer who wants less than other people. The millionaire can have the best of everything in the market; but this leaves him no better off than the modest possessor of £5,000 a year. There is only one thing that he can still order on a scale of special and recklessly expensive pomp, and that is his funeral. Even this melancholy outlet will probably soon be closed. Huge joint-stock interment and cremation companies will refuse to depart to any great extent from their routine of Class I., Class II., and so on, just as a tramway company would refuse to undertake a Lord Mayor's Show. The custom of the great masses will rule the market so completely that the millionaire, already forced to live nine-tenths of his life as other men do, will be forced into line as to the other tenth also.

To be a millionaire, then, is to have more money than you can possibly spend on yourself, and to appreciate at the same time the inconsiderateness of those persons to whom such a condition appears to realize perfect

contentedness. What, then, is the millionaire to do with his surplus funds? The usual reply is, provide for his children and give alms. Now these two resources, as usually understood, are exactly the same thing, and a very mischievous thing too. From the point of view of society, it does not matter a straw whether the person relieved of the necessity of working for his living by a millionaire's bounty is his own son or merely a casual beggar of no kin to him. The millionaire's private feelings may be more highly gratified in the former case; but the mischief to society and to the recipient is the same. Even the private feeling in this matter is changing, and changing rapidly. If you want to spoil a young man's career, to annihilate his efficiency and enfeeble his character, clearly there is no method surer than that of presenting him with what is called "an independence," meaning an abject and total dependence on the labor of others. Anybody who has watched the world intelligently enough to compare the average man of independent means when he has just finished his work at the university with the same man twenty years later, following a routine of fashion compared to which the round of a postman is a whirl of excitement, and the beat of a policeman a chapter of romance, must have sometimes said to himself that it would have been better for the man if his father had spent every penny of his money, or thrown it into the Thames. The real victims of "property" are not the evicted tenants or the unemployed, but the proprietors. This is obvious enough in England, in spite of the traditional responsibility attaching to landed property, and in America, where the alleged general sense of obligation to work is evidently vanishing with the necessity for it; but to realize it fully, it is necessary to go to a country like Ireland. To the Irishman a property is a source of income and nothing else: the indispensable minimum of his duty to the estate is done in spite of his teeth for five per cent. by his agent, whose re-

sistance to his purely predatory activity is fortified by the fact that the estate usually belongs mostly to the mortgagees, and that the nominal landlord is so ignorant of his own affairs that he can do nothing but send begging letters to the agent. On these estates generations of peasants (and agents) live hard but bearable lives, and off them generations of ladies and gentlemen of good breeding and natural capacity are corrupted into drifters, wasters, drinkers, waiters-for-dead-men's-shoes, poor relations, and social wrecks of all sorts, living aimless lives, and often dying squalid and tragic deaths. Every millionaire who leaves his millions to his family in the ordinary course exposes his innocent descendants to this risk without securing them any advantage that they could not secure far more effectually and happily by their own activity, backed by a fair start in life. Formerly this consideration had no weight with parents, because working for money was considered disgraceful to a gentleman, as it is still, in our more belated circles, to a lady. In all the professions we have survivals of old pretences—the rudimentary pocket on the back of a barrister's gown is an example—by which the practitioner used to fob his fee without admitting that his services were for sale. Most people alive to-day, of middle age and upward, are more or less touched with superstitions that need no longer be reckoned with by or on behalf of young men. Such, for instance, as that the line which divides wholesale from retail trade is also a line marking a step in social position; or that there is something incongruous in a lord charging a shilling a head for admission to his castle and gardens, or opening a shop for milk, game, and farm produce; or that a merchant's son who obtains a commission in a smart regiment is guilty of an act of ridiculous presumption. Even the prejudice against "manual labor" is vanishing, and being replaced in the most advanced quarters by something like a worship of it. It is now a good many years since Dickens, in visiting a prison,

encountered Wainwright the poisoner, and heard that gentleman vindicate his gentility by demanding of his fellow prisoner (a bricklayer, if I remember aright) whether he had ever condescended to clean out the cell, or handle the broom, or, in short, do any work whatever for himself that he could put on his companion. The bricklayer, vain of having so distinguished a cell mate, willingly and proudly gave the required testimony; and Dickens so appreciated the incident that he afterwards introduced it in "Little Dorrit," where, it will be remembered, the murderer Rigaud makes the same boast in the prison at Marseilles. It is not yet ten years since, in the great Irish agitation against coercion in Ireland during Mr. Balfour's secretaryship, an attempt was made to add to the sensation by pointing to the spectacle of Irish political prisoners, presumably gentlemen, suffering the indignity of having to do housemaid's work in cleaning their cells. Whatever feeling this may have aroused in Ireland, and might have aroused here if the clock could have been put back to Wainwright's time, in England it was a false note to strike, and did more harm than good. It would be easy to multiply instances of the change of public opinion for the better in this direction. But there is no need to pile up evidence. It will be quite willingly admitted—and the willingness is part of the case—that the father who throws his son on his own exertions, after equipping him fully with education and a reasonable capital, no longer degrades him, spoils his chance of a well-bred wife, and forfeits the caste of the family, but, on the contrary, solidifies his standing and widens his prospects, professional, mercantile, political, and matrimonial. The man who has made twenty thousand pounds for himself is socially a more important person nowadays than the one who has inherited a million and never done a stroke of work. Public opinion, growing continually stronger against drones in the hive, begins to threaten, and even to execute, a differentiation of

taxation against "unearned incomes;" so that the man who, in spite of the protests of parental wisdom and good citizenship, devotes great resources to the enrichment and probable demoralization of descendants for whose desert the community has no guarantee, does so at the risk of having his aim finally defeated by the income-tax collector. We therefore have the intelligent and public-spirited millionaire cut off from his old resource of "founding a family." All that his children can now require of him, all that society expects him to give them, all that is good for themselves, is a first-rate equipment, not an "independence." And there are some millionaires who have no children.

The extremities to which the millionaire is reduced by this closing up of old channels of bequest are such that he sometimes leaves huge sums to bodies of trustees "to do good with," a plan as mischievous as it is resourceless; for what can the trustees do but timidly dribble the fund away on charities of one kind or another? Now I am loth to revive the harsh strains of the Gradgrind political economy; indeed, I would, if I could, place in every Board school a copy of Mr. Watts's picture of a sheet profiled by the outline of a man lying dead underneath it, with the inscription above, "What I saved, I lost: what I spent, I had: what I gave, I have." But woe to the man who takes from another what he can provide for himself; and woe also to the giver! There is no getting over the fact that the moment an attempt is made to organize almsgiving by entrusting the funds to a permanent body of experts, it is invariably discovered that beggars are perfectly genuine persons; that is to say, not "deserving poor," but people who have discovered that it is possible to live by simply impudently asking for what they want until they get it, which is the essence of beggary. The permanent body of experts, illogically instructed to apply their funds to the cases of the deserving poor only, soon become a mere police body for

the frustration of true begging, and consequently of true almsgiving. Finally, their experience in a pursuit to which they were originally led by natural benevolence turns them to an almost maniacal individualism and an abhorrence of ordinary "charity" as one of the worst of social crimes. This may not be an amiable attitude; but no reasonable person can fail to be impressed by the certainty with which it seems to be produced by a practical acquaintance with the social reactions of mendicity and benevolence.

Of course, this difficulty is partly created by the "deserving poor" theory. I remember once, at a time when I made daily use of the reading-room of the British Museum—a magnificent communistic institution of the best type—I was offered two pounds to copy a certain book or manuscript, I forget which. Being too lazy to think of doing the work myself, I handed over the commission to a man whose respectable poverty would have moved a heart of stone—an ex-schoolmaster whose qualifications were out of date, and who, through no particular fault of his own, had drifted at last into the reading-room as less literate men drift into Salvation Army shelters. He was a sober, well-spoken, well-conducted, altogether unobjectionable man, really fond of reading, and eminently eligible for a good turn of the kind I did him. His first step in the matter was to obtain from me an advance of five shillings; his next, to sub-let the commission to another person in similar circumstances for one pound fifteen, and so get it entirely off his mind and return to his favorite books. This second, or rather, third party, however, required an advance from my acquaintance of one-and-sixpence to buy paper, having obtained which, he handed over the contract to a fourth party, who was willing to do it for one pound thirteen and sixpence. Speculation raged for a day or two as the job was passed on; and it reached bottom at last in the hands of the least competent and least sober

female copyist in the room, who actually did the work for five shillings, and then turned it into a handsome investment by making it an excuse for borrowing endless sixpences from me from that time to the day of her death, which each sixpence probably accelerated to the extent of fourpence, and staved off to the extent of twopence. She was not a deserving person; if she had been she would have come to no such extremity. Her claims to compassion were that she could not be depended on, could not resist the temptation to drink, could not bring herself to do her work carefully, and was therefore at a miserable disadvantage in the world—a disadvantage exactly similar to that suffered by the blind, the deaf, the maimed, the mad, or any other victims of imperfect or injured faculty. I learnt from her that she had once been recommended to the officials of the Charity Organization Society; but they, on inquiring into her case, had refused to help her because she was "undeserving," by which they meant that she was incapable of helping herself. Here was surely some confusion of ideas. She was very angry with the society, and not unreasonably so; for she knew that their funds were largely subscribed by people who regarded them as ministers of pity to the poor and downcast. On the other hand, these people themselves had absurdly limited the application of their bounty to sober, honest, respectable persons; that is to say, to the persons least likely to want it, and most apt to be demoralized by it. An intelligent millionaire, if tempted to indulge himself by playing the almsgiving philanthropist (to the great danger of his own character) would ear-mark his gift for the use of the utterly worthless, the hopelessly, incorrigibly lazy, idle, easy-going good-for-nothing. Only, such a policy would soon exhaust the resources of even a billionaire. It would convince the most sentimental of almsgivers that it is economically impossible to be kind to beggars. It is possible to treat them humanely, as children

can be treated humanely in truant schools, which means that they can be enslaved, brought under discipline, and forced to perform a minimum of work as gently as the nature of the process and their own intense objection to it permit; but there is no satisfaction for the compassionate instincts to be got out of that. It is a public duty, like the enforcement of sanitation, and should be undertaken by the public. Privately supported beggar-colonies, like that of the Salvation Army at Hadleigh, are the beginnings, not of a Utopia of the reclaimed developed from a religious enterprise for the relief of the unemployed, but of the experiments on which an inevitable future extension of the Poor Law will have to be based. What is urgently needed at present is the extension and humanization of the Poor Law, an end which is retarded by all attempts to supplant it by private benevolence. Take, for example, the hard case of the aged poor, who are not beggars at all, but veterans of industry, who have in most cases earned an honorable pension (which we are dishonest enough to grudge them) by a lifetime of appalling drudgery. We have to deal with at least three hundred and fifty thousand of them every year. Very little can be done by private efforts to rescue these unfortunate people from the barbarity of the ratepayers by building a few almshouses here and there. But a great deal can be done by arousing the public conscience and voting for reasonably humane and enlightened persons at elections of guardians. The guardians of the West Derby (Liverpool) Union, instead of imprisoning aged couples separately and miserably in their workhouse, put them into furnished cottages, where, provided they keep them neat and clean, they are no more interfered with than if they were in a private almshouse. The difference to them in happiness, comfort, and self-respect, between the cottage and the workhouse, is enormous; the difference in cost is less than two shillings a week per pair. To build, fit, and fur-

nish a cottage costs about £65. If a millionaire must build almshouses, he had better do it by offering to defray the cost of a set of cottages on condition that the guardians adopt the West Derby system. This, of course, is pauperizing the ratepayer; but the average ratepayer is a quite shameless creature, loud in his outcry against the immorality of pauperizing any one at his expense, but abject in his adulation of the rich man who will pauperize him by those subscriptions to necessary public institutions which act as subsidies in relief of the rates.

Hospitals are a favorite resource of the rich whose money is burning holes in their pockets. Here, however, the verdict of sound social economy is emphatic. Never give a farthing to an ordinary hospital. An experimental hospital is a different thing; a millionaire who is interested in proving that the use of drugs, of alcohol, of the knife in cancer, or the like, can be and should be dispensed with, may endow a private hospital for that purpose; but in the purely charitable hospital, private endowment and private management mean not only the pauperization of the ratepayer, but irresponsibility, chronic waste and extravagance checked by spasmodic stinginess, favoritism, almost unbridled license for experiments on patients by scientifically enthusiastic young doctors, and a system of begging for letters of admission which would be denounced as intolerable, now that the press is avid of public scandals, if it were part of the red tape routine of a public body. A safe rule for the millionaire is never to do anything for the public, any more than for an individual, that the public will do (because it must) for itself without his intervention. The provision of proper hospital accommodation is pre-eminently one of these things. Already more than a third of London's hospital accommodation is provided by the ratepayers. In Warrington the hospital rate, which was 2*d.* in the pound in 1887-8, rose in five years to 1*s.* 2*d.* If a billionaire had interposed to take this increase on his own shoul-

ders, he would have been simply wasting money for which better uses were waiting, and demoralizing his neighbors into the bargain. Our present cadding hospital system will soon go the way of the old Poor Law; and no invalid will be a penny the worse.

The objection to supplanting public machinery by private does not apply to private action to set public machinery in motion. Take, for example, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If that society were to undertake the punishment of cruel parents by building private prisons and establishing private tribunals, and so on, even the most thoughtless subscriber to private charities and hospitals would shake his head and button up his pocket, knowing that there are public laws and public prisons and tribunals to do the work, and that they alone should be trusted with such functions. However, public machinery requires the initiative of an aggrieved person to set it in motion; and when the aggrieved person is a child, and its "next friend" the aggressor, the machinery does not get started. Under such circumstances, Mr. Waugh's society, by stepping in and taking the child's part, does a great deal of good; and this, observe, not by supplanting the State, or competing with it, but by co-operating with it and compelling it to do its duty. Generally speaking, all societies which are of the nature of vigilance committees are likely to be useful. The odium which attaches to the name came from the old-fashioned American Vigilance Committee, which, in the true spirit of private enterprise, not only detected offenders, but lynched them on its own responsibility. We have certain State vigilance officers—sanitary inspectors, school board visitors, a public prosecutor (of a sort), the queen's proctor, and others. The only one of these who is an unmitigated public nuisance is the censor of the theatre, who, instead of merely having power to hale the author of an obnoxious play before a public tribunal, has power to sentence him to suppression and execute

him with his own hands and on his own responsibility, with the result that the drama is more corrupt, silly, and indecent than any other department of fine art, and the unfortunate censor more timid and helpless than any other official. His case shows the distinction which it is essential to preserve in vigilance work. The popular objection to prying and spying is very strong in England, where it has become almost a public instinct to profess an austere standard of morality whilst clandestinely practising a loosely easy one. We are all familiar with the characteristic impatience of "good society" with those who by carelessness, or want of tact, or, above all, in idealistic defiance of public opinion, force people to see the things they are sedulously winking at, and get "found out" in a world where the first article in the social contract is that nobody shall be found out as long as he or she leaves the neighbors a rag of excuse for being imposed on. We are proud, and to some extent rightly proud, of this system of ours, as affording evidence of our strong common sense. To able men and women of the world who undertake the game it recommends itself so strongly as a thoroughly workable one, that they become extremely conservative of the existing institutions they have learnt to evade, and suspicious of new ones which would send them to school again. They know that impracticably despotic institutions may allow more license than practicably democratic ones. Thus, our political organization is a monarchy; but we enjoy as much republicanism and democracy as any American or Frenchman. The articles of our established religion, though originally a string of evasions of the principles of that religion for worldly convenience, are by this time to a great extent quite beyond belief. But we no more object to them on that account than we object to a court sword because it would be of no use in a modern battle. And so on with our marriage laws and almost all our fundamental institutions; by the time we are old enough to take

up any of these subjects with authority and experience, we have half accommodated ourselves to them and half accommodated them to us, in which condition we oppose any attempt to base reform on principle just as we oppose spelling reform—not that it is not needed, but that we, the articulate, clever ones, have learned to get on without it. Unfortunately, the world is not made up of accomplished men and women of the world, any more than of university men and public school men. If it were, we might no doubt safely take a considerable stride in the direction of the characteristic revolutionary doctrine of the educated middle and upper classes—Anarchism, and reconcile it with what is valid in Socialism, the characteristic revolutionary doctrine of the working classes. The mass of the population consists of people who take our institutions seriously and scrupulously, and who are too poor and too insignificant individually to evade the prescribed social and legal consequences of escapades, even if they were adroit or well-advised enough to know how to do it. There is not a bad institution in the country which does not make people suffer to the full extent of its badness outside the privileged circles. Most of the sufferers, adults, voters, and Britons though they may be, are almost as helpless as the children who are rescued by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They are individually quite incapable of appreciating the social importance of their cases—no slave ever believed that his case was worth a war, though freemen have held that opinion and acted on it. Therefore we have our vigilance societies under all sorts of titles, striving for all sorts of reform—moral law reform, land law reform, lunacy law reform, dress (unwritten) law reform, and the like, their members being denounced, avoided, and disparaged as cranks, faddists, and unclubbable persons by the best company in the kingdom, for we must concede that distinction to those who have conquered an authoritative posi-

tion in society in spite of all our unreformed institutions, and to whom the very word “vigilance” means, not “the price of liberty,” but a vague threat of interference with those clandestine arrangements by which our impossible institutions are tempered by clever people with cheque books to the practical exigencies of their real morality. The notion that it is any part of their duty to stand up for their real opinions in the interests of those who are not clever and have no cheque books is very distasteful to them—naturally enough; for they know that the one sin that will not be forgiven in their own delightful circle is a breach of the conspiracy of silence.

All these considerations point in the same direction. The intelligent millionaire need not hesitate to subsidize any vigilance society or reform society that is ably conducted, and that recognizes the fact that it is not going to reform the world, but only, at best, to persuade the world to take its ideas into consideration in reforming itself. Subject to these conditions, it matters little whether the millionaire agrees with the society or not. No individual or society can possibly be absolutely and completely right, although I regret to have to add that the common assumption is that this is the very least that can be expected from an honest man or a deserving association. Similarly, no view or theory can comprise the whole truth and nothing but the truth. A millionaire who will not subsidize forces that are capable of a mischievous application will subsidize nothing at all. Such justice as we attain in our criminal courts is the outcome of a vehemently partial prosecution and defence; and all political sanity is the outcome of a conflict of views. For instance, if we try to figure to ourselves a forcible reconstruction of society on lines rigidly deduced either from the Manchester School or from State Socialism, we are at a loss to decide which of the two would be the more intolerable and disastrous. Yet who hesitates on that account, if such matters interest him, to back up

the Fabian Society on the one hand, or the Liberty and Property Defence League or Personal Rights Association on the other, according to his bias? Our whole theory of freedom of speech and opinion for all citizens, rests, not on the assumption that everybody is right, but on the certainty that everybody is wrong on some point on which somebody else is right, so that there is a public danger in allowing anybody to go unheard. Therefore any propagandist society which knows how to handle money intelligently and which is making a contribution to current thought, whether Christian or Pagan, Liberal or Conservative, Socialist or Individualist, scientific or humanitarian, physical or metaphysical, seems to me an excellent mark for a millionaire's spare money.

Yet after all, mere societies are good marks for anybody's spare money; and though millionaires are such inveterate subscribers and donors that I dare not leave the societies out of account, I confess I despise a millionaire who dribbles his money away in fifties and hundreds, thereby reducing himself to the level of a mere crowd of ordinary men, instead of planking down sums that only a millionaire can. My idea of a millionaire is a man who never gives less than ten thousand pounds, ear-marked for the purchase of something of the best quality costing not a penny less than that amount. Let me illustrate the sort of thing I mean. At the present moment, I, like every one who is interested in the extraordinary development of public activity and public spirit through our great provincial municipalities and through the London County Council, am very full of the needs for a library of political science in London. The London School of Political Science, lately founded through a bequest from the late clerk to the Derby justices, cannot spare the funds to found one. The British Museum Library will not do; you can get the most recondite comic song there; but of the host of reports and accounts which are poured forth by the provincial town corporations,

and are of quite incalculable value as statistical data for experiments in municipal collectivism, you cannot find one. Thus the county councillor who desires to form a safe conclusion as to the municipalization of the London water supply, and who would naturally like to see the balance sheets of the municipal supplies of Glasgow and Birmingham; or the travelling student who is sent to London by a foreign government to find out what can be learnt from our municipal experience, is driven back at the British Museum on Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," or Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery," as perhaps bearing more or less on modern democratic politics. I give this as an actual present emergency (perhaps some millionaire will oblige with ten thousand pounds) because it is a typical one. The millionaire should ask himself what is his favorite subject? Has it a school, with scholarships for the endowment of research and the attraction of rising talent at the universities? Has it a library or a museum? If not, then he has an opening at once for his ten thousand or hundred thousand.

There is always something fascinating to the imagination of a very poor man in the notion of leaving a million or so to accumulate at compound interest for a few centuries, and then descend in fabulous riches on some remote descendant and make a Monte Cristo of him. Now, even if there were likely to be any particular point in being Monte Cristo after a couple of hundred years' further social and industrial development, a modern millionaire, for the reasons already stated, would be the last person in the world to be much impressed by it. Still, the underlying idea of keeping a great money force together, multiplying it, and finally working a miracle with it, is a tempting one. Here is a recent example, quoted from a local paper:—

The gift of a farm to the Parish Council of St. Bees by the Rev. Mr. Pagan, of Shadforth, Durham, is accompanied by some peculiar conditions. The farm is 33a. 3r. 2p. in extent, and is

valued at £1,098. The rent of the farm is to be allowed to accumulate, with two reservations. Should the grantor ever require it, the council may be called upon during his lifetime to pay him from time to time out of the accumulated investments any amounts not exceeding £1,098. Not more than £10 may be spent in charity, *but not in relief of the rates*. The balance is to be invested in land and houses until all the land and houses in the parish have been secured by the parish council. When that is accomplished, the sum of £1,098 may be handed over to some adjacent parish, which shall deal with the gift similarly to St. Bees.

Here we have a remarkable combination of practical sagacity and colossal revolutionary visionariness. Mr. Pagan sets a thousand pound snow-ball rolling in such a way as to nationalize the land parish by parish until the revolution is complete. Observe—and copy—his clause, “not in relief of the rates.” Let the millionaire never forget that the ratepayer is always lying in wait to malversate public money to the saving of his own pocket. Possibly the millionaire may sympathize with him, and say that he wishes to relieve him. But in the first place a millionaire should never sympathize with anybody—his destiny is too high for such petty self indulgence; and in the second, you cannot relieve the ratepayer by reducing, or even abolishing, his rates, since freeing a house of rates simply raises the rent. The millionaire might as well leave his money direct to the landlords at once. In fact, the ratepayer is only a foolish catpaw for the landlord, who is the great eater-up of public bequests. At Tonbridge, Bedford, and certain other places, pious founders have endowed the schools so splendidly that education is nobly cheap there. But rents are equivalently high; so that the landlords reap the whole pecuniary value of the endowment. The remedy, however, is to follow the example of the Tonbridge and Bedford founders instead of avoiding it. If every centre of population were educationally endowed with equal liberality, the advantage of Bedford would cease to be

a differential one; and it is only advantages which are both differential and pecuniarily realizable by the individual citizens that produce rent. Still, the case points to another form of the general rule above deduced for the guidance of millionaires: namely, that bequests to the public should be for the provision of luxuries, never of necessities. We needs must provide necessities for ourselves; and their gratuitous provision in any town at present constitutes a pecuniarily realizable differential advantage in favor of living in that town. Now, a luxury is something that we need not have, and consequently will not pay for, except with spare or waste money—properly speaking, therefore, something that we will not pay for at all. And yet nothing is more vitally right than the attitude of the French gentleman who said: “Give me the luxuries of life, and I will do without the necessities.” For example, the library of political science which I desiderate is prodigiously more important to our well-being than a thousand new charitable soup-kitchens; but as nobody will pay a farthing for it, it would not raise the rent of even students’ lodgings in London by a farthing; it would be an addition to the commonwealth absolutely without drawback. But suppose a misguided billionaire, instead of founding this library, or something cognate, were to take on himself the cost of paving and lighting some London parish, and set on foot a free supply of bread and milk! All that would happen would be that the competition for houses and shops in that parish would rage until it had brought rents up to a point at which there would be no advantage in living in it more than in any other parish. Even parks and open spaces raise rents in London, though, strange to say, London statues do not diminish them. Here, then, is the simple formula for the public benefactor. Never give the people anything they want; give them something they ought to want and don’t.

Thus we find at the end of it all,

appositely enough, that the great work of the millionaire, whose tragedy is that he had not needs enough for his means, is to create needs. The man who makes the luxury of yesterday the need of to-morrow is as great a benefactor as the man who makes two ears of wheat grow where one grew before. Mr. Ruskin has already set a handsome example to our rich men. He has published his accounts with the public, and shown that he has taken no more for himself than fair pay for his work of giving Sheffield a valuable museum, which it does not want and would cheerfully sell for a fortnight's holiday with free beer if it could. Was not that better than wasting it heartlessly and stupidly on beggars, on able-bodied relatives, on hospitals, on ratepayers, on landlords, and all the rest of our social absorbents? He has created energy instead of dissipating it, and created it in the only fundamentally possible way, by creating fresh needs. His example shows what can be done by a rich expert in fine art; and if millions could bring such expertness to their possessor, I should have discoursed above of the beautification of cities, the endowment of a standard orchestra and theatre in every centre of our population, and the building of a wholesome, sincere, decent house for Parliament to meet in (noble legislation is impossible in the present monstrosity) as an example for parish halls and town halls all through the country, with many other things of the same order. But these matters appeal only to a religious and artistic faculty which cannot be depended on in millionaires—which, indeed, have a very distinct tendency to prevent their possessor from ever becoming even a thousandaire, if I may be permitted that equally justifiable word. Therefore, I have endeavored to temper the furnace to the over-fleeced lamb by dealing rather with such matters as may be judged as well by a millionaire as any one else. And I hope he will be duly grateful to me.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
SOME MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF
JOWETT.

Since Newman joined the Church of Rome there has probably been no figure in university life which has taken the public eye so much as that of the late master of Balliol. In part this was naturally due to the place he filled as head of what he himself had no small share in making the most famous intellectual school in England; in part to the bold relief in which he stood out from the background of august nonentities as the typical representative of much that was best and worthiest in the old Oxford that was passing away around him. But it can hardly be doubted that most of his fame had its root in his own remarkable personality; and during the last two years his friends and pupils have not been backward in placing upon record their reminiscences of so uncommon and picturesque a figure. We know him as university reformer, as tutor and master of his college, as philosopher, scholar, host, and wit; and it must be confessed that in each capacity he shines with no common brilliance.

Yet one or two reflections on this striking personality we propose to take the liberty of offering. In the first place one cannot help noticing that the most important portrait of all, that of Jowett as master of his college, has in most instances been thrust completely into the background. And secondly, the very fact that the portraits are the work, as they almost invariably are, of close personal friends, makes it all but impossible to doubt that the enthusiasm which prompted them, as well as the prestige which attached to the master in his other capacities, have resulted in producing a figure which in several respects differs from the Jowett of the ordinary undergraduate's acquaintance. Be that as it may, there would certainly seem room for an effort to sketch, if it be only in the barest outline, such of the many sides of the late master of Balliol's character as appeared most prom-

inent to one of those undergraduates of the college who had not the good fortune to have been admitted to any of the various concentric circles of intimates, friends, and enthusiastic pupils, who practically composed his college acquaintance.

The ideal head of a college has, one may suppose, still to be discovered. But we prophesy that, when he is found, there will be at least three great functions that he will regard as his primary duties. In the first place, apart from his routine work as head of a corporation of more or less importance, the supervision, that is to say, of its finance and management, apart too from his general oversight of the undergraduates' studies, he will make it part of his business to know at least something of all the men for whose general training he is responsible. Secondly, he will strive to utilize that knowledge in moulding and influencing for good the characters of the one or two hundred lads who are placed under his charge, and the great majority of whom are in a perfectly plastic state. And thirdly, he will endeavor to fulfil the same office to the college as a whole, seeking to make it not merely a great place of letters and learning, but a force the influence of which, for truth and honor and righteousness, may be felt so far as possible in every grade of English society.

It may well have been that such conditions would not and did not all approve themselves to a man of Jowett's views. They would, of course, have been regarded as self-evident absurdities by those very great men to whom the headship of a college meant a good house and a satisfactory income upon which to edit some forgotten classic, and who had about as much influence upon, or interest in, the successive generation of young lives which passed through the college as the wall has upon the shadows that cross it. But if the points in question are to be regarded as in any sense standards of success or failure in such a position, in two of the three Jowett failed. Of course the failure

was only comparative, and, by contrast with the historic heads aforesaid, no failure at all. Presumably Jowett did not try to succeed in these directions; he felt that such success was for a man of so many parts almost impossible. Perhaps the old traditions weighted him more than he himself or any one else was aware. At any rate the methods he adopted placed success in at least the two first directions out of the question. Of a certain number of undergraduates, the scholars, exhibitors, and a few others, he saw a good deal; they often breakfasted with him, and, we heard, went through painful but bracing ordeals of essay reading and discussion over a glass of port during the master's after-dinner hour. The principles on which the circle was made up were always more or less of a puzzle to us. It was said by the irreverent that if a man were a peer, a profligate, or a pauper the master would be sure to take him up; and one sees now the reason that underlay such a method of selection; the physician applying himself to those that were sick. But as undergraduates, a good many men could not help resenting the rather odd way in which one man was taken and another left; and they resented still more the extraordinary character of some of the personages who found their way into the college upon grounds that were certainly not connected with either intellect or industry, and who might hope, if they could be induced to do a little work, to look forward to the possible attainment of a third class. In all perhaps one-third of the college¹ thus saw something of the master in private life; the residue were only directly touched by his influence at three points; in chapel, at the brief interview in hall at the end of each term, known respectively to dons and undergraduates as collections or hand-shaking; and those still more unpleasant quarters of an hour when one was summoned before the master for some

¹ This and similar estimates must necessarily be based on little more than a rough impression, and therefore must not be implicitly relied upon.

offence whose enormity transcended the judicial powers of the deans.

Doubtless of these three occasions the sermons were the most important; and Jowett's opportunities in the pulpit were no common ones. The college chapel unfortunately is small, none too large indeed for the members of the society, almost the whole of whom used, in the writer's time, to attend on the afternoons when the master preached; while the visitors, who on such occasions found their way into Balliol in somewhat inconvenient numbers, had to make the best they could of an array of forms and benches disposed in any vacant spaces there might be in the aisle or chancel of the chapel. Frequently, of course, it proved impossible to find seats for every one. Surely no one who has been present at one of these Sunday afternoon services can ever forget the scene. The dark little chapel, densely crowded; the press of visitors along the aisle or close up to the very communion-table, so closely packed indeed that sometimes it was no easy matter for the master to pick his way through to the pulpit; the stillness and silence, we may say the reverence of the massed rows of undergraduates; the faint light of the candles, with which the chapel was somewhat inadequately provided, gradually gaining in apparent strength as the daylight of the winter afternoon faded; the delicate silvery piping tones in which the sermon was delivered, frequently raised to a positive shrillness at the emphatic words of a telling passage, usually rising in pitch and emphasis at the close of a long sentence; the peculiar delivery, in detached, jerky sentences, with glances over the chapel between each; the invariable or all but invariable interruption of the sermon towards its close by the harsh clang of the dinner-bell.—all this makes a memory which is not easily effaced. Intellectually the sermons were to most men a deep pleasure; the perfection of their style, the daring little epigrams, the quaint and happy conceits embedded in them, added to the charm of manner pecul-

iar to the preacher, could not and did not fail to fascinate his hearers. But for all that, one had to confess that perfect intellectual exercises as the sermons might be, there was little in them calculated to make a deep impression upon a young man. The great majority, at all events, always struck one as being ideal moral or biographical essays which might be delivered with much acceptance, as the Nonconformists say, to any highly educated audience anywhere; and one had at times to allow a sneaking preference for the stronger meat of the evening preachers at one or other of the churches.

Jowett's personal intercourse with the ordinary undergraduate was confined, as has been remarked, practically to two occasions, the terminal collections, and the judicial proceedings in his study. On each Saturday morning, it is true, there was a third meeting of a kind, when the weekly battells—that is to say, the account of the kitchen and buttery expenses for the week—were handed to us by the master; but as in nineteen cases out of twenty no remark was made, we may leave this out from the list of interviews. To most of us, as we look back, the master's attitude at collections must be a subject for bewilderment and amazement to the end of our lives. So much, one feels, depended, so much might have come from that meeting, the master's one chance, so to speak, when he and our tutors together reviewed or were supposed to review our progress during the term. A few, a very few, sensible sentences of approbation, or a few equally plain words of common sense might have made, would have made, such an enormous difference to us. The master could speak, and upon occasion did speak, with a refreshing frankness which left nothing to be desired. But such an utterance was certainly the exception. In all ordinary instances something very different took place. One hung round the quadrangle or lounged on the forms at the lower end of the room in a state

of more or less uneasiness, until one's name, in the shrill tones of the master, resounded dismally loud in the empty hall. It was small wonder that we were uneasy, for it was by no means possible to predict what character the master's comments would assume. They might, and they often did, take the form of crushing sarcasms. "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you, perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself," is a sample which the writer believes to have been true, and which if not true is no unfair specimen of what passed on some of these occasions. Such criticism was doubtless healthy but scarcely pleasant, as one sat in extreme discomfort on the edge of the chair in front of the Presence, a position both of body and mind not well suited to the appreciation of wit. More often still the master's criticisms were represented by long flashes of painful silence as he stared at one sorrowfully over his glasses, while one's tutor at his side did his best to diminish the icy chill of this prolonged aphasia by a few words of kindly moderation; until the affair was closed by the master suddenly whipping out some kind of an oracular saying, the precise bearing of which on the questions at issue was apt to pass the wit of undergraduate to discover. Sometimes, indeed, it may be questioned whether the point was discoverable by any one. And some of the comments certainly struck one as more suitable both in form and substance for delivery to a third-standard schoolboy than to an undergraduate. There were cases, and surely not a few cases, where the undergraduate, always in a considerable amount of anxiety about the schools, simply hungered for a few strong and kind words which, to put it mildly, were not forthcoming. For example, was it particularly inspiring, at the end of a term of hard work ending in a first class in the college examination, to hear, after a lengthy survey of one's person, as if one was some rare animal: "Mr. A. is an intelligent young man, is he not, Mr. Y.?" Such

an observation upon an occasion so solemn to the student could only strike one as supremely ridiculous. One may be permitted to doubt whether ridicule is the ideal issue of an interview with the master of a college; one cannot doubt that it was a result which was frequently attained at Balliol. It is true, of course, that scores of smart sayings, purporting to have come into being at these interviews, have been fathered upon Jowett, though he was in no way responsible for their paternity. But in any case there was in the master's attitude upon these occasions something that jarred very unpleasantly on one's ideas of what a master should say and do. And apart from that there was a certain want of what we may term propriety in displays of satire on such occasions. Collections are certainly not an appropriate moment for these intellectual fireworks; and in addition one seriously doubts whether admonitions in this form ever made more than a transient impression upon their subject. For unhappily it was not merely at collections that these peculiarities of manner and diction attached to the master's utterances. He did not seem, except in extreme cases, to possess the faculty of saying a few plain words in a plain way to an offender. When anything was said, though it would be foolish to lay too much stress on a generalization from the limited number of instances which were all that could come under an ordinary undergraduate's notice, it is useless to conceal the fact that too often it was the comic features of the interview which impressed themselves on the delinquent; and what might have altered a career became simply another good story to retail to the college.

From what has been said it will be readily understood that to the average undergraduate, who had not the good fortune to have been admitted to the inner circle, and whose relations with the master, save possibly for a stray meal in the course of his four years, were necessarily limited to the three occasions aforesaid, the making

of the master's acquaintance was apt to be a most unpleasant piece of disillusionment. The fame of the great man had been steadily dinned into the lad's ears alike by schoolmaster and parent. He probably regarded himself as being decidedly fortunate in being under the shadow of so great a reputation, as having become a member of so famous a college, his views thus varying inversely from those of the average Balliol scholar. The chances were that he had come, in the writer's time at least two-thirds of the college did come, from a public school, and necessarily from a position in that school which had brought him into close and constant contact with the headmaster, with a man, that is to say, who was in five cases out of six of a vigorous and commanding personality, usually of a contagious and generous enthusiasm. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete wet blanket upon a lad's tendencies to hero-worship than his first interview with his new head. He found himself in the presence of a man whose manner and speech, as well as his appearance and dress, though one does not want to dwell upon personal peculiarities, fell painfully short of any idea the freshman might have formed of the head of a great college. Nor as time went on did the master to the average man improve much upon acquaintance. One could not help feeling that there was something, one scarcely knew what, strangely lacking in him. It need hardly be said that it was not kindness of heart, nor yet knowledge of character, nor yet common sense. Was it that he was so wrapped up in the success and training of his really able pupils, that he had neither time nor inclination to take the average undergraduate seriously? Was it that his natural tendency to satire had in its development destroyed his power of appealing to the finer instincts of men except in special circumstances? Did he affect affectation as a kind of screen to his real sentiments; or had the habit of these intellectual gambols before

an admiring audience so grown upon him that he could not cut himself free from his mannerisms? Whatever was the cause, these eccentricities of diction and address impaired his direct influence most seriously, much more seriously one is sure than either he or his friends were aware. One doubts if it would have occurred to any one outside the immediate circle of his college acquaintance to apply to the master in any trouble or perplexity, unless the inquirer were exceptionally free from any tendency to nervousness, or his difficulties were of unusual magnitude. And one fears that a good many men would have stated their opinion of the master in terms of much force and little politeness.

In the aggregate, and apart from the results on the rank and file, Jowett's success at Balliol was doubtless something phenomenal, and marked in its way an epoch in university development. The intellectual standing of the college, its triumphs in the schools, side by side with its high position in athletics (it was head of the river in 1873 and 1879), the crush to obtain admission, the many men of lofty motive and high ideal among its members, made altogether a record which no college in Oxford could attempt for a moment to rival. Doubtless, too, the success both at the university and in after-life of certain of the master's pupils was something entirely without parallel, at any rate since the days of the Oriel teapot.

On the other hand it must be remembered that he had, outside and beyond all competition, absolutely the first choice of the ablest scholars in the university, and many of these would have pushed their way to the front under the most incompetent tutors in Oxford. And if one looks at the plain records of the schools, one is forced to doubt whether the success of Jowett's pupils as an entire class was so pronounced as is commonly supposed. Certainly in the writer's time some proportion of them, not of course a large proportion, but in the circumstances a remarkable one, not only did

not succeed, but so far as Oxford was concerned positively and emphatically failed. For failure in such circumstances there could of course be only one cause—idleness; and in spite of the master's alleged powers of making men work, he was no more free from idle pupils than any other tutor. It is impossible to avoid the thought that in many of these cases of wasted abilities the master's system simply aggravated the disease it was intended to cure, and increased the conceit which already bade fair to ruin a career. But even if every one of these pupils had turned out brilliantly successful, nothing could have been more unsatisfactory and unfair than such a test. In strict truth the success of Jowett, or of any other head of an educational foundation, will not depend upon his own reputation, nor yet on the remarkable results attained by picked pupils, nor yet altogether on the standing of the college, but upon the results produced in the case of the average man who was not a genius and never would be, but was as well worth attention as a good many of the erratic prodigies who were to set the Thames on fire. And how far in these respects Jowett's headship was successful, one must be permitted to doubt.

Not that the undergraduate failed to appreciate at least some sides of the master's character. We gloried in his intellectual triumphs, in the success of his books, in his thousand and one witty sayings, a growing body of which, doubtless mainly consisting of glosses and accretions, was handed down by college tradition, in the cheerful hatred with which he was said to be regarded by other university personages, in the constant stream of distinguished visitors to the master's lodge. We accepted cordially, as indirect evidence of his influence, the sincere dislike with which Balliol men in general were regarded by the university. At least some of us revered, and deeply revered, the simplicity and industry of the old man's life. In a sense one loved him; but unhappily it was the sense in which one loved the bishop

of one's diocese; it was not that intense feeling of personal loyalty which more than a few English headmasters have had the power of evoking among hundreds of their scholars, and which was certainly accorded to Jowett by his personal pupils. And yet one is afraid that a great many of us never realized until too late the intense goodness of the master's character. We allowed our eyes to be caught by the foibles of which, after all, few fine characters are entirely devoid, missed altogether the moral of his teaching and his life, and took our degrees regarding the master as an excellent joke.

It was not solely himself, nor yet his system which was responsible for his failure, such as it was. Looking over the records of his mastership one can hardly avoid the reflection that, if in some senses he failed, some of the want of success was due to the extravagance of many of his disciples. His very environment of incipient Boswells was enough of itself to have spoiled the usefulness of any one but a man of exceptional force of character. Nothing strikes one more strongly, in reading the accounts of his life, than the utter triviality of many of the remarks and discussions which have been hoarded up by various admirers. They appear to have taken it as an axiom that nothing that fell from the master's lips was unworthy of record. Such a disorder is not unknown in other academic circles, but it assumed an exceptionally severe form in Balliol. Even more opposed to a successful headship, at all events from the present point of view, was the bent of Jowett's mind. It appeared to the average undergraduate as always philosophic rather than practical, as too apt to dwell at length upon the precise difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee; and if the friends who enjoyed his close intimacy were constantly at a loss to understand whether the master was serious or not, on what points he was serious, and if upon some he was serious at all, what hope was there for the average undergrad-

uate to arrive at any conclusion upon the subject? Was it then to be wondered at that he should fasten on the less solid features of the master's character and draw from them a one-sided and unfair picture? Indirectly, no doubt, the moral elevation of his character, the purity of his motives, his tolerance and abounding charity, could not but have influenced us far more deeply than we realized. It was impossible for any thoughtful man, however violently he might disagree with the master's views on any particular point, to leave the college without carrying away some reflections of the spirit of its head, without feeling himself the better even for the very indirect contact with so pure a life. But unhappily not every undergraduate, even at Balliol, is thoughtful; and even such an influence, added to his reputation in all the half-dozen different spheres in which he shone, and to the fascination which he himself exercised over his immediate pupils, is by no means all that one might have hoped would have been exercised by the master of such a college as Balliol.

From The Contemporary Review.
PEREDA, THE SPANISH NOVELIST.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

Jose Maria de Pereda is at once the most provincial, and for that reason perhaps, because of sheer intensity of vision and a fixed compression of interest, the broadest of modern Spanish writers. That, in the matter of style, he is the greatest may be accepted from the judicial pronouncement of the eminent critic Señor Menéndez Pelayo, a critic no less equipped than Brunetière himself for the exercise of his profession. He accords Pereda direct descent from Cervantes by his style, which never loses its purity and finish however eloquent and impassioned the prompting mood; by a dialogue dense and palpitating as the flow of speech from living lips; by a vigor of clear conception of character, and the perva-

sion of sanity sweetened by wit. As the complete and classical expression of a race, he places this living writer between the immortal biographer of the ingenious Hidalgo and Velasquez. His realism is theirs, with the touch of melancholy that gives tenderness to irony, the witty sensibility that guards from mere sentimentality, the kindness that blunts the edge of harsh truth.

Pereda is a realist in the highest meaning of the term, not of the document school, with its wearisome and inadequate system of classification, and its monstrous error of scientific analysis of the insignificant. Like George Eliot, he is content to ennoble the vulgar, and penetrate to the heart of commonplace existence with the fine and delicate understanding of sympathetic genius. He writes of what he knows and intimately apprehends, and because knowledge has taught him to love his subject, Bret Harte has no surer understanding of the Californian miner than he has of the fisher-folk of Santander, and no deeper sense of his unconscious heroism. But he is no novelist in the dramatic signification, still less in the Tolstoian. He creates no brilliant social scenes; eschews all poignant situations except those that may be suggested by a glimpse, through a rifted cloud, of the inarticulate soul; turning instinctively from the great moments of life, from the complexities of sex, and the deep movements of passion. Where woman is concerned his pen is as cold and reticent as Stevenson's. While she is young, she is useful as an implied ornament, and perfumes the romantic atmosphere. But he deftly rounds the mystery, having no understanding of it, and by temperament being averse from study of it. He accepts the soft, nebulous condition of young and innocent love as a pretty enchantment which it behoves a middle-aged gentleman to indicate with a smile and pass on without recording its warm nonsense, its eloquent silences, without revealing the palpitating heart of youth. Love of any other sort he simply declines to

recognize. Sex plays as small a part in this Spaniard's realistic studies of life as it does in Stevenson's captivating records of romance. Yet there is no lack of scoundrels and sinners in his books; but he finds their villainy on social and political humbug, on dishonor, greed, on all the vices that sin against *hidalguia*. As a keen humorist, he finds matter here enough for effective exposure; and the women, upon whom he is somewhat hard, generally sin by vulgarity, by silly pretension, pride and extravagance. His claim upon the century is, however, no mean one. As a faithful painter of customs and manners of one little corner of Spain of which he is the artistic voice, he may be said to be without a rival at home, with no master abroad.

The books of this careful and finished artist, with his rare reticence and his whole power of analysis and observation directed upon a chosen society of blurred and inarticulate humanity, are cut off from the highways of civilization as the Cantabrian coast is cut off from the rest of the Peninsula by a rigid mountain range. If it is a mountain sketch like his quaint "Sabor de la Tierra," you breathe the clear air of the Sierras through every page. If it is a fisher novel, like "Sotileza," his masterpiece, the pages taste salt like the air of the coast. You may not see the ocean, for Pereda is generally scant of mere description, but you feel it round and about you. Sordid walls and a squalid street may withhold sight of the blue, but ocean's roar is ever about your ears. Insistent, imperious, incessant. So blow the mountain breezes, though the persons of the tale may be saturated with alcohol. For he is no landscape painter, nor yet a describer of life upon the deep. He rarely follows his fisher-folk and sailors beyond the harbor-bar, though "Sotileza" contains one fine passage relating a threatened shipwreck in a few thrilling pages. It is the brutal blunders of shore existence, the waiting of the women, the momentous hour of farewell and the brightness of greeting after each voyage, the strifes, the

drunkenness, the wooings, the many sorrows, and the few joys, the comfortless homes, the sullen resignation and the heavy sense of fatality that weighs ever on that varied form of child and heroic animal, the sailor—this is what he paints in strokes that have the breadth, the vitality, the color and meaning of life itself. So thoroughly has he mastered his subject that every fibre, every variety of the sailor's common thread of experience he follows, and touches with scientific certainty. He knows him in all his phases, from drunken loafer to sober, prosperous captain of merchant vessel; knows every change in his vivid and picturesque dialect; gives you the man with his savage outbursts, his simple magnanimity, and crude revelations of temperament. Not a particle of vice, not a twist of mind, not the remotest prompting of virtue, of generosity or meanness is hidden from this merciless scrutator, not a throb of existence nor a beat of heart. He is no land sentimentalist in ecstasy over the perils of nautical life. If he knows its terrors, and uncovers to the splendid courage it develops, he can gauge its turpitudes, and is quick to note the absurdities, the superstitions and quavers of the marine animal on shore. But his conclusion is that an indestructible innocence forms the basis of the nautical character, even where its development is solely swayed by bestial impulses. In "Sotileza" he pauses in report of the trivial chatter of a band of sailors to cry:—

And these big children were men who could guide a ship to any port of the world; who, with a fervent prayer and a promise to the Virgin, had a hundred times fronted death in the fury of tempests with a serene countenance and an impaired heart! Was ever poetry greater, more epic, than their very littlenesses?

He is saturated with the influences of the hills and the waves, is steeped with their color and atmosphere; understanding, feeling, seeing with the eye and heart and brain of the fisherman and the mountaineer. He is the artistic soul of his province, and has given an

imperishable form to its sentiments; its rough virtues; its obscure inexplicable instincts; its brutality blent with nobility, superstition sewn upon an independence of character that has something of the tidal movements of the waves and the impenetrable steadfastness of the Sierras.

It is this deep, unsentimental sympathy with the poor, with harbor rascals and hillside clods, the side-lights cast upon the man's character by his wholesome interpretation of nature, and the imperturbable geniality of his temper that give Pereda's writings their intrinsic value. He wisely declines to idealize life, too profoundly convinced of its need of improvement; but it is not at the bidding of pessimism that he sometimes drops his humorous pen into gall to lash the moral squalor of politics and social deceptions. He distrusts cities, and is apt to credit them with an excess of duplicity. When he enters them he exchanges the broad Cervantesque smile for an embittered sneer, except in his first novel, "*Los Hombres de Pro*" (Men of Worth), a record of his one political campaign. Here he remains the humorist, witty, suggestive, brief. The experiences and feelings of Simon C. de los Peñascales as candidate and deputy, and his wife's social pretensions constitute the highest and most delicate comedy, a bit of Daudet in "*Tartarin*," toned and pruned by more austere and reticent taste. Though some of his books are much too long, he cannot be charged with laboring over his characters, and he combines brevity with depth in his analysis. In "*Los Hombres de Pro*," a scathing reflection on the compromising *bourgeois* and the political *Parvenu*, he contents himself with a single sentence which discovers his personality and is his only direct criticism of characters he reveals in strokes and sharp relevant dialogue. After a telling description of the *bourgeoisie* of a certain town, he sums up the general character of the *genus*:—

He is an impartial man, a man of *order* and *rational progress*, the implacable

enemy of all absolute statement, or, in his own language, of all *exaggeration*. . . .

With the Liberals he passes for a Reactionist, and with the Reactionists for a Liberal. When his ideas prevail, the political situation could not be better, nor worse when his ideas are vetoed. His style is ample, sonorous, outwardly clear, turgid underneath, always by effort honeyed and seductive, and the instant it is printed, such words as "*order*," "*progress*," "*peace*," "*religion*," and "*country*" float uppermost. In substance it is the written presentment of the spirit of the epoch which saw its rise, that is, if we may decide whether the epoch formed the spirit, or the spirit the epoch. Upon such is nourished and sustained this new race, the plague of the century, a race without faith, without conviction or enthusiasm. It calls *order* all that preserves its digestion undisturbed, and *progress* all that adds to its income. It means the domestic hearth when it prates of the *country*; and understands by society a gathering of merchants tranquilly engaged in the buying and selling of bales of cotton, flour of Castile, and paper of the State—a race that compromises with everything except a rise in the price of bread.

The world at large regards those two powerful novels "*Sotileza*" and "*La Puchera*" as Pereda's masterpieces, he himself agreeing that they are those which best present him. I conceived that it must be my foreign judgment that was amiss in my preference for the two lighter works "*Escenas Montañesas*" and "*Sabor de la Tier-ruca*," but I have recently been set at ease by learning that Menéndez Pelayo gives his vote of preference to these same books. He admits, as I do, the superlative claims of the great and original novels, but winds up an erudite definition with a natural revulsion to personal taste:—

It is all quite true, but every one to his special mania, and I return to the "*Mountain Scenes*" and the "*Savor of Natal Soil*." [He adds]: For me it is the Pereda of my youth I must ever love—Pereda, without transcendentalism, philosophy, or politics; the unapproachable painter of the woven mists of our coast, of storm bursting over the mountain side, of the exhilarating freshness of the meadows after rain.

and then traces him through all the phases of common suffering and everyday joys of the delightful "Escenas Montañesas." It is the preference that we give "Scenes of a Clerical Life," "Silas Marner," and "The Mill on the Floss" over George Eliot's greater novels; the preference we give "La Mare au Diable" and "La Petite Fadette" over "Lélia" and George Sand's more splendid books. It is the love most of us have for the simple, the fresh, the unaffectedly pathetic, the unconsciously joyous, that such sketches as these stir profoundly.

These "mountain-scenes" contain two sketches of supreme beauty—one distinctively tragic, the other excellently witty, with that dry, quaint humor which is Pereda's charm. It is not to be confounded with American humor. It is too influenced by classical tradition, for Pereda is a man of letters in the severest academical form. He has the innate worship of style that belongs by right of heritage to every gifted writer of Latin race. He writes clearly, has the art of finding the appropriate word without apparent effort, never seeks his humorous effects in anything outside the ordinary, and presents them with the smiling simplicity of Goldsmith—Goldsmith himself would have relished "Suum cuique," the wittiest story Pereda has written. It is contained in a hundred pages, and is droll from first to last. The central figures are two, Don Silvestre Seturus, a middle-aged serious hidalgo, contesting a legal dispute of three generations, a country chimney-lover, with no knowledge of life beyond the mountains; and his schoolfellow, a potent minister down at Madrid, a man of the world, who has his hours of fatigue of the dust of society, and dreams of pastoral joys and all the simpler virtues. The fun, brilliantly sustained without a halt in an even flow of genial spirits, runs through a polished gamut of experience. Don Silvestre goes down to Madrid, and is shocked from the waking to the sleeping hour. He unveils the pangs of disillusion to the minister, who, in a moment of dejection, agrees

with him. "One breathes dust and chews ashes in the capital," he cries, yearning for the simplicity of shepherd existence. But the minister's chapter of disasters and disillusion in the country is infinitely funnier, and told with all the relish and art of an expert. First the enjoyment of physical discomfort and privation, then impatience, then bitter lamentations. Breathing the poetry of the fields, he catches sunstroke, and examining the peasant, he discovers the hollowness of pastoral literature. A couple of lying rascals drag him into a process upon a false charge, and the court scene deserves a place beside that of "Pickwick," and "Port Tarascon." The witnesses, pledged to swear away the life of the "foreigner," as the visitor from Madrid is termed, the pompous idiot of a mayor, the bewildered minister, are all figures of first-rate comedy.

Writing of "La Leva" (Weighing Anchor), Menéndez Pelayo does not scruple to assert that there is nothing in all ancient and modern Castilian literature so deep, so moving, nothing that leaves an impression so ineffaceable as the last pages of this tragic sketch. And yet it is the sordid misery of a sailor leaving his children to the care of a drunken, thriftless wife ashore. But what a figure of grim magnanimity, of taciturn sacrifice, of squalid heroism is Uncle Tremontorio, a fine fellow, who has sailed in warships and visited many strange lands, and remains ashore to comfort the womenfolk and look after his friend's drunken wife and neglected children. Here is realism, abject, miserable realism, but interpreted with tenderness and melancholy. The realism of fisher-life painted with a strong and reticent pen, not with Pierre Loti's instrument of melody and vague charm. Here and elsewhere, Pereda recalls two familiar names—though neither can have inspired him, supposing him to be acquainted with our latter-day literature, since "La Leva" was written in 1834—Bret Harte and Stevenson. The pages of "La Leva" are steeped in brine, and all the naked

perils and sufferings and shamelessness of the little harbor colony are bare to an indulgent eye. It is the silent heroism and humility that he insists on rather than on the odious degradation. Beneath the filthy rags even of the drunken Sardinera he detects the human heart beating, detects the vague ineffectual manifestations of the spirit even in the mire. The difficulty of translating such a tale as "La Leva" lies not only in the insuperable barrier of style and color, which can never be properly transposed from one tongue to another, but in the rough and picturesque dialect of the coast. You may find an equivalent for polished prose, but where are you to seek for an equivalent of the powerful and vivid speech of Uncle Tremontorio, with its salt flavor and unconscious poetry? I will endeavor to reproduce a mere skeleton of his death scene, in the powerful sketch "El Fin de una Raza." He has been cast ashore from a wreck in time to die in his bed—evidently the sailor's legitimate ambition, his chances being opposed to it. In reply to the author's question, if sailors have any forewarning in tempests, he exclaims, with a smile bitterer than the salt of the waves:—

"Forewarning! Think of it, sir! You are in your boat, like a leaf on a tree, neither quiet nor moving. Land within sight, the sea like a cup of seething steam; something or nothing like a waterspout against the horizon. So you might remain for a month. Then suddenly a little breeze strikes you full in the face. It is a nor'easter, and there you go like a shot, swallowing knots, on the top of a grey blotch stretched across the sea; and there's a roar that might be the waves precipitating themselves to the nethermost depths. To see and to hear it congeals the blood in your body, and sends the hair of your head straight up. You clutch your oars with just an edge of sail, to see if you dare race ahead. *Tiña!* You haven't made a yard before *that* is down upon you."

"And what is *that*?"

"Sir, I don't know, unless it may be the anger of God passing over us. That is *the last*. You have just to unfold your packet of sins, and commend yourself to

the Virgin. It is time to quit earth for the *without end*, and cry out upon those who bear aloft the wings of the heart."

"And what happens at that terrible moment?"

"Can any living being tell you, sir? *Tiña!* Where are the eyes, where the time to see? You are in a furnace of foam, which tosses the boat as if it were a nutshell. The boiling waters rise, rise, then subside, and as they fall, you are buried under them, and you can't tell whether it is a rock or a mountain that has fallen upon you. You are wounded and stunned at once, and when you open your eyes, *Tiña!* neither man nor boat, nor oar, nor shore, nor heavens, nor aught else. Nothing but clamors and buffets and seething foam and abandonment. No voice is left you to pray to God, for in the roar you have no ear for your own words. One furious swell sinks you, another floats you to the top. Your head is heavy, and he who can swim best would fain forget it, so that he may sooner have done with the struggle."

But these is no English for the broken and spirited speech of Tremontorio, for any of Pereda's dialogues in dialect. In the ordinary hours it has a rough humor and color that must be *felt* in the original. In the great moments of life it has its incommunicable beauty and pathos. Leland has said you must understand Irish if you would understand all the humor and pathos of the Irish peasant's speech. What strikes us in these masterly tales of North Spanish folk is their contrast with the wordy, gallant, guitar-strumming south. Both guitar and *toros*, the atmosphere of castañet and carnation, are as foreign up among these wild sierras of the north as they would be in Scotland. When you meet a fellow in a short jacket with a turn for eloquence, you understand that he is a knave from Andalusia; and every courtly, high-phrased Don must be a native of insincere Castile. This, at least, is the mountain point of view. The race is singularly austere, scant of speech, of kindlier deed than manner; more given to drink than to gallantry; with a fine bearing in peril and suffering that may be classed as actual heroism. Truthful and simple, without

southern braggadocio, their defects are part of their qualities. Hard, unemotional natures, conducting their quarrels with a ferocious calm, passive in affection, inarticulate even under the eloquent passion of love, their home life cannot be described as attractive. The amorous season of youth, elsewhere soft, here develops with the scornful tenacity of the mountaineer. He strives for what he desires, but he makes no effort to please.

I have indicated Pereda's qualities of wit and pathos, and his profound knowledge of one characteristic corner of the world. I will now endeavor to give the English reader some glimpse of the features of his charming book, "Sabor de la Tierra." This is not a story, but a series of connected pictures, one more enchanting than another. It is the book of an idler, a woodsman, who can write a unique and exquisite chapter about an oak-tree, who is at home upon the hillside, and finds his paradise among the pine woods of Cumbrales. I know nothing more quaint, more odd, nothing that reaches perfection and charm by such apparent indolence of method as this slight sketch-book; and though it is pre-eminently the book of the woods and the mountains, it is never for one moment "dehumanized" by excess of description. Life is too vivid here, the characters you greet are too real, and the dialogue too piquant and delightful for the reader to be permitted to sink the personages in the scenery. It is the writer's fancy to keep you always in the open; but the characters come and go with life's medley of profile and suggestion. It is the perfection of an unanalyzable wit. The author indicates so little, and the reader understands so much, recognizes so vividly a face merely glanced at, not described. In our cheerful stroll with our guide through wood and village street, recognition is as instantaneous as in actual experiences; speculation as lazy and as unexciting. We are rid of passion, with its fret and fever, of tragedy, with its bitter taste of regret, and are delighted with the every-day unfolding of

existence. The delicate chatter of wind among the leaves, the play of light upon varied greens, the race of clouds across the blue, and their shadowy chase over the mountain-shoulders, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the vivid eyes of flowers—here is life enough; and for excitement you have the changes of the high colored heavens, the roar of the torrents, the patter of rain in the street, and the glorious voice of the storm lending captivation to the midnight rest. Each picture is flashed like light from a haze of mingled hues, and the shadows lie dense against a blaze of sunshine. For incident you have half-words full of meaning, dropped lids, unexpected eye-shot, and luminous smiles, sudden revelations of character in gesture and attitude—in a word, plastic drama. You detect the conquering assumption of a fellow by his ostentatious twist of sash, the cock of his hat over alert eyes, his strut under a girl's balcony, and the flourish of his cane. You read the maiden's heart by the conscious fold of her mantilla and the side flash of dark eyes on her way to church or market. Art is so concealed, so masterly is the reserve of this apparently discursive writer, that the pages might have been pencilled on the forest leaves as they dropped about him, without a thought of publication. And yet what breadth, what solidity, what vital freshness, what suggestion of the impeccable craftsman beneath this air of nonchalance! He makes us feel the fierce sun rays that whiten the air in the intervals of storm and rushing showers, and cast pools of throbbing gold among the thick shadows of the woods, and we are content that the story should be an unobtrusive melody, recurrent, interrupted, oozing out through pleasant philosophy and gossip at all sorts of odd corners: now in a church porch, again under a dripping umbrella, or a glorious oak, along the hilly road, or down the sunny street. Confidences reach us from the chatter of girls on their balconies at sunset, and we hope the grey-haired *hidalgos* will not make up their quarrel for the amusement it affords us. Pablo and his love-affair

give the touch of romance, but we prefer the knave from Andalusia, the local battle, when the rival village we abhor is defeated, and we see Pereda, the Academician, throwing his foe with Pablo's hand, and, of course, as a North countryman, making straight for the head of the Andalusian knave. Above all, we prefer a chapter that deserves immortality—the love-scene of a village lass and her lover, a gem in modern ecologic literature. This is nature in the broadest and fairest sense of the word; not the nature of the French novel, still less that of our own cheaper neurotic literature, but the nature of the Sicilian Idyllists, the rude, sweet, clean naturalism of the fields.

The two novels, by reason of which Pereda takes rank by general vote as the "Master" in modern Spanish literature, are "*Sotileza*" and "*La Puchera*." It would be difficult to find a just comparison with either of these great books in our own literature. Like Balzac's studies of provincial life, like George Eliot's, they are universal by the very quality of concentrated local interest. They also have something of the vastness of nature, and ocean's thunder is their appropriate Titan-chorus. But while their realism has all the ennobling flavor, the sincerity of George Eliot's—and "*La Puchera*," at least, contains one character who has a natural place beside the creations of Balzac—the pages have a color, a melody of their own.

Hitherto Pereda was known as the writer of lovely short tales, full of exquisite art and deep significance, a writer of pathos and power, with every precious quality of style. Outside his provincial mission of singer of the wave and mountain-side, he had an incontestable reputation as a novelist, having written a few striking but imperfect novels, with here and there scenes and characters of the first order. At his worst, eminently the superior of Valera and Pérez Galdós, regarded as balanced somewhere between Balzac and Dickens, not so mighty and searching as the one, more subdued and classical than the other, with a nar-

rower vision and canvas. At his best, he made a leap back over the top of the century to stand prominently below Cervantes, to whom he bears so striking a physical resemblance, with his pointed beard, his brilliant, kindly glance, and the delicate irony of his soft smile. He had hymned the fields and the mountains in faultless prose, and his country thanked him for a few imperishable figures, broadly Spanish if local, for pages of vibrant dialogue, ringing with the sound of human voices; but it awaited—*l'œuvre*. It wanted the "*Don Quixote*" of this modern Cervantes. "*Don Quixote*" has come literally in two separate books, and these have already their accepted place on the bookshelves of Castilian classics as the greatest novels of the century. Far enough away both from "*Don Quixote*," of course, but sufficiently characteristic in the mass of more or less notable work—for literature beyond the Pyrenees has never reached so high a level since its revival in the first quarter of the century—to justify in part the excessive homage of such conjunction. I refer to it here chiefly to explain the relative importance of these powerful books—their accepted value in the eyes of Pereda's contemporaries, and their recognized position as the crown of a brilliant career.

There was still the song of the ocean and its tempests after that of flowers and springtide, Menéndez Pelayo had reminded him, "Remember that you have written '*El Raquero*,' '*La Leva*,' and '*El Fin de una Raza*,' and we are still waiting for the monument to your name and your people—the maritime epopee of your native town. Only you can bring into Castilian literature all its intense melancholy and rude affections."

Pereda responded to this call with "*Sotileza*." It is, indeed, the Bible of sea-folk. The sufferings, the perils, the every-day heroism of sailor and fisherman, the vices and virtues of their women-folk, the play of children, and the opening heart of boyhood so diversely revealed in his three fisher lads,

the lovers of *Sotileza*, all these forms of varied life make breathing pictures upon a vast canvas, drawn in the large free strokes of a master, filled in with such minute details as are absolutely necessary. Nothing here of the "document" school, no indication of the note-book; yet a naturalism more intense, more vivid than any Zola has evoked from his superabundance of detail and wealth of description. You have drunkenness, naked poverty, foul-mouthed women, and ferocious men, but nothing to shock. The clear salt air breathes its purifying influence over all. Humanity here is simply savage, never disgusting, and pity is the essential note of the book. Who could ever bargain over the price of fish after reading the fisherwoman's lament at her sick husband's bedside?

Poor fellow! Fifty long years struggling with the sea, with chills that give fever and suns that scorch, with wind and rain and snow; little rest, a moment's sleep, and off to the smack before the break of day. And then, shut your eyes so as not to see the image of death that goes aboard before any living creature, and always, always accompanies the poor wretches, to end their business, when least they expect it and when they have no other help but God's mercy. Look here, Don Andrés, I don't know what comes over me when I see folks haggle over a penny for a pound of cod in the market-place—folks who throw away a dollar on a rag they don't want. If they only thought what it costs to get that fish out of the sea. What peril! what work! And why, good sir? Because the first day the unfortunate fisherman remains in bed his family has nothing to eat, however laborious and honest he may have been, like this poor fellow, who hasn't a single vice.

It may be contended that I am claiming for Pereda's "*Sotileza*" the place which has already been accorded to Loti's "*Pêcheur d'Islande*." But however similar the subject, the two books in no way clash; and while "*Sotileza*" has the claim of priority, Pierre Loti has never needed to look outside of himself for inspiration. If "*Sotileza*" lacks the poetic fascination that captures the

reader from the opening to the end of Loti's unique book—lacks too the eagle sweep into the heart of passion or tragedy—lacks the enchantment, the melodious charm which Loti, with such dexterous art, uses as a narcotic of the judgment—lacks his exquisite prose, pervaded, like the music of Chopin, with a *maladive* personality—Pereda's epic of marine life is not the less great as a whole. On the contrary, though my own preference is given to "*Pêcheur d'Islande*," one of the books one would like to have written, I must admit that Pereda's more prosaic, saner treatment of the subject carries with it more convincing depth of reality, a manlier grasp, an intelligence of view as lucid as it is broad and interpretative; a sympathy infinitely more human, more intense, more commonplace for that very humanity, and, above all, a comprehension of "values" more sanative, more objective than Loti's. Besides, he deals with a race less passionate, less dreamy, less vague than the Breton Celt. It is a mistake to conceive the Spaniard as a creature of fire and passion, of uncontrollable impulses and flaming moods. I know no race more sane, of greater self-control. The Spaniard may be eloquent, he gesticulates, his features are expressive, but he is not excitable and he is ever master of his emotions. It is not phlegm, but an instinctive dignity that orders this self-control at every turn of life, as well as indolence and a southern clarity of sense. There is not an echo of passion, as the French, as we, understand it, in all Pereda's books. To write of the Santanderino fishermen as Loti writes of the Breton would be to distort nature and plunge into the unreal and grotesquely fantastic.

One of the finest characters in "*Sotileza*" is Padre Apolinar, the real sailor's priest. He is one of themselves, with the sailor's rough dialect and his uncouth tenderness of heart. There is no conscious nobility about him. He grumbles freely at all the demands made upon his time and purse, and though he takes off his only pair of trousers to cover the nakedness of a small

harbor blackguard, into whose head he is vainly endeavoring to hammer the catechism, he does so without the sleek sweet superiority of Hugo's bishop; does so in a rough, abusive way, almost swearing at the rascal and his drunken mother, and then faces the street with untrousered leg beneath his soutane. So, though hungry, he gives away his dinner, roaring at the little girl who comes to beg for her sick mother. Consistently human, he carries his heroic virtues with an admirable ferocity, and the author, himself of faith as simple and unquestioning as the sailor, draws him with humorous sympathy, without any desire to idealize honest nature, or make a stained-glass picture of the man because he happens to wear the priestly garb.

The heroine, who gives the book its title, is the most notable of Pereda's girls—a creature of impenetrable character from her first appearance on the twentieth page, a little girl, fair-haired, pale, with a hard frown and a valiant gaze, and, reared in the midst of hideous squalor, with a cat's passion for cleanliness. Scant of speech, hard, stainlessly pure in person and mind, such she traverses life, an enigma to the end. Three lads of her age—Pereda has done no subtler, more striking work than his presentment of these lads, with their varied manner of growing, living, and loving—love her in different ways. One is her social superior and benefactor, the captain's son, a young gentleman in the full sense of the word. Another is the son of her mortal enemies, a shy, inarticulate fisher-lad, in whom love of a creature so superlatively clean and superior could only take the form of indirect homage, of blundering, self-torturing worship. The third, the lowest form of harbor loafer, a gross and filthy animal, with bestial instincts beyond even an understanding so primitive as his. It is given to few of us to fathom the mystery of the human heart, and even Pereda himself offers no explanation of Sotileza's inexplicable sympathy for the lout, Muergo. It is an inclination so undefined, so vague, so subtly suggested as

to be preserved from the monstrous or the revolting by the exquisite reserve of the author. He is able to indicate in a girl, famed over the town for her superlative physical cleanliness, attraction to physical squalor in a merely animal lover; savagely, coldly pure, yet drawn to sympathy with brutal instinct by physiological aberration, and never once offend, never shock or surprise. You scent a mystery, but the author does not dwell upon it; on the contrary, clears the surcharged atmosphere by showing you Sotileza, the moment the brute presumes upon her icy tenderness, furious and disdainful. This is the enigma he makes no pretence of solving: when the awakened brute attempts to embrace her, Sotileza's incipient preference is turned to hate. But what is hidden in the heart of Sotileza we never know. We greet her, a child, incommunicative, long-suffering, incomprehensible, and so we part with her, not having fathomed her, not having understood her. Neither knowing why she gave her shoulder to Andrés, the brilliant "young gentleman" of the novel, with his fortune, his fine clothes, his handsome face and his grand manner, and he having rescued her from death when children and secured her the protection of Padre Apolinar as an ill-treated harbor-orphan; nor her rare cold smile to Muergo, the indescribable monster with an early affection for drink. Still less can we make of her unemotional, reserved acceptance of Cleto, the fisher-lad, who worships her in awed silence. We imagine the sufferings of childhood may have furnished her with armor against sentimental expansion, but after all, if this were so at first, surely such kindness and love as her adopted parents—next to Padre Apolinar the most attractive and homely figures of this great book—showered upon her, would have worn away this reserve. We leave her as we meet her, with surprised, interested, questioning glance, in doubt if we ought to admire or abhor her—only clear on one point: while the study of her has been an intellectual

enjoyment, we are very sure that we do not love her.

"La Puchera," as a whole, takes rank below "Sotileza," but it contains one character as great as any created by Balzac. The "Père Grandet" is not a more wonderful study than *el Berrugo*, but the figures are not to be confounded. The salient features of race make a sharp division, and Pereda's study of a miser and domestic tyrant, if less profound, is more humorous. It touches us less, of course, for there is only one Balzac, and he knew how to give the necessary relief to his subject by enframing it in domestic suffering of the highest quality. The Berrugo's wife we only hear of as having sunk into death a silent martyr, and his daughter is a vague ineffective creature, who inspires us with no interest either before or after her conversion to civilization. I have already said, it is with inarticulate humanity and odd village gossip that Pereda reaches his supreme note of genius. Juan Pedro, the loquacious fisherman, and Pedro Juan, his timid, silent son, with his abortive efforts to propose to the girl he loves in a dismayed, wondering fashion, are the central figures, along with the hungry doctor, who keeps himself and his poor family alive on good-humored gossip and extravagant concern for his neighbors. These characters and the unfolding of their daily lives are excellently conceived and executed.

The dialogue is vigorous, vivid, and breezy. It is life seized on the wing, and presented to you palpitating, without being ostensibly submitted to any refining process. I say "ostensibly," because Pereda is too polished an artist not to exercise choice and discretion, and too admirable a craftsman not to be able to conceal both. "Il faut être profond dans l'art ou dans la science pour en bien posséder les éléments," said that amazing scamp Rameau's nephew. There can be no doubt of Pereda's complete possession of the elements of his art; he has penetrated to its very depth. He, too, has grown white in harness, and recognition coming over late, he had plenty of leisure

to study his trade. "C'est le milieu et la fin qui éclaircissent les ténèbres du commencement." The blaze of light shed upon Polanco (Pereda's residence outside Santander) within the last ten years reveals to us the old familiar story of early neglect expiated in a frenzy of late enthusiasm. This "modern Cervantes" was writing for thirty years before his right to the master's mantle was recognized. Now he has his arm-chair in the Academy, and his last book, "Peñas Arriba," ran through an enormous edition in a fortnight, the first event of the sort in Spain. No man, not even a successful general, could be surer than he of his public statue after death, and already the town of Santander has commissioned a popular artist to paint the most admired scene from "Sotileza" for a handsome sum to present to the author.

"Peñas Arriba" (Rocky Altitudes), with its slight human interest, and its excessive length, is the book of Pereda's that has been saluted with the heartiest welcome. Here it is the characters who form the accessory and landscape which fills the scene. Not with the sentimentalism of Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor with the gorgeous declamation of Rousseau and his disciple, Madame de Staël; still less partaking of the mild twaddle of landscape writers at home, who paint clouds and hills and sunsets as a background for flirtation and tea. It rather resembles "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." The "life" of the landscape melts into the life of the mountaineers, and they become inextricably one. It is the book of the upper mountains, the epic of rocks and escarped altitudes, filled in with a rough incommunicative society, reticent and hard in emotion, suppressing all indication of passion with a savage modesty, and quaintly in terror of anything outside the daily routine of labor, food, and rest—in a word, of the divagations of temperament, which is characteristic of Pereda himself. He cannot write a love-scene, nor do his characters seem able to face one. They beat about nature in semi-consciousness of their state, troubled, afraid, in

desperate revolt against frank speech, or any of the outward signs of "love." The writer deftly skirts the phase, with a hasty acknowledgment of its power, with a cold suggestion of its charm. This is how he discharges his duty to lovers in the 636th page of "*Peñas Arriba*," having brought his youth and maid face to face in throbbing emotion for the first time. The mountain lass looks in pallid fear at the haughty madrileño, who has gone through a severe and lengthy apprenticeship to the rough existence of the "upper rocks," and he feels as foolish as any village lout. The girl is afraid to recognize her feeling for this brilliant young man, before whom she stands in humility as King Cophetua's beggar-maid. With burning cheek and moist glance and throbbing bosom she murmurs a broken phrase to this effect, which lights up the fire in the lover's breast, and, the book being written in the first person, he says: "We acted the ever-eternal scene, so silly in the eyes of the cold and dispassionate spectator. But I, who until then had been one of these, found it even sublime, and until that moment I had no knowledge of the depths hidden in my own heart." This is all he says of the scene, and in the next paragraph has asked and obtained the hand of his beloved, and he informs us that the days follow to a celestial music:—

What more could I aspire to, insipid and disillusioned worldling, than to live by the heat of this divine fire which enflamed my heart and brain, and transformed me from an unfeeling, careless, and luxurious townsman into an active, diligent, and useful mountaineer? For such a love, with such a companion as she who has worked this stupendous miracle, what better nest than this sheltered, hidden valley in the midst of Nature's wonders, in the immensity, the omnipotence of her merciful Creator!

And this single cold page touching on love ends a volume of six hundred and thirty-eight pages! But this long book, too, has its quaint touches of humor, its flashes of wit, and Pereda's strokes of inimitable character-drawing.

From The United Service Magazine.

A TALE WITHOUT AN ENDING.

It was on the 2nd January, 1879, that General Roberts left Hazar Pir Ziarat to subdue the Khost district, an unsophisticated country where the revenue had hitherto been collected in copper, and, up to this date, the semblance of the rupee had not been known.

Hazar Pir Ziarat (the shrine of a thousand saints—*lit.* old men) was hardly even a village, and only the day preceding some six or seven were added to the number, as a batch of murderous marauders had been executed; and, dying in the faith, shouting the fatmah, and acknowledging nothing but piety in their attempts on infidel life, their corpses had doubtless rendered their graves sanctified ground, and so added to the Ziarat—in these parts a holy grove, generally of olive, to fell which is desecration.

As the 10th Hussars spread cheerily into order covering the advance, their bright pouch belt buckles (the last glitter left after even stirrups had been dulled) sparkling in the bright sunlight as they threaded among the camel thorn sprinkled over the plain, the writer diverged from the advance, having to convoy with a small escort of cavalry and infantry a long train of some nine hundred empty camels ordered to the advanced base to fill up with supplies. My way lay among hills bordering the right bank of the Kurram River, and I soon lost sight of the force moving on Matoun, and finished the day's march without any adventure. On the 3rd January, the incidents befell which I now seek to narrate.

In a lonely valley a party of my Sikh infantry brought before me a Pathan prisoner, saying: "Here is a man who has been caught concealing his arms; it has been ordered by General Roberts that all such shall be despatched. May we kill him?"

Now this was a hard saying.

The young man appeared by his head gear to be a Waziri, a not unfriendly tribe, which, however, furnished not a

few lawless depredators. His only arm was the long Afghan knife, necessary for his own protection perhaps, and in the cold weather, it appeared not unnatural that he should wrap himself in his thin outer colored scarf, worn somewhat after the fashion of a plaid. His face was handsome, open, and fearless; but such was the mien of all Afghans—often seen on the most cold-blooded fiends.

I could not, however, though determined to fulfil the spirit of instructions, at once hand him over to the bayonet; and saying, "Oh, his knife is only for harmless use or protection," I took it from him and drew it. It was thickly coated with fairly fresh blood.

For a moment I could have handed him over to death, but reason told me that this was no *additional* evidence of murder. He might have slain a goat or sheep, he might have met an enemy in fair fight—questions, of course, were useless. Finally, with some misgivings as to whether I was strictly obeying orders, and amidst the scowls and murmurs of the Sikhs, who were quite strange to my command, I gave the young man back his knife and sent him on his way.

He left gracefully and courteously, showing neither in his smiling face nor in his elastic gait, one single sign of guilt or fear, and soon his erect figure was lost to my view over the brow of a low hill.

Some hours of march followed, and the care of massing the long, unwieldy line of camels in a column on each small plain, before again filling over the next pass, a precaution necessary to enable my rear-guard to be within hail, in case of attack on so tempting and easy a prey, fully absorbed me, and drove the preceding incident clean from my head.

Suddenly I became aware of a young Pathan girl running beside my horse, and holding up to me a silver ring set with a turquoise. This seemed to me a very unusual act from a Mussulmani and a Pathan, where seclusion is so strictly the rule, and I had no idea as to the meaning she wished to convey,

my Pushtoo being unequal to the dialect she spoke, and indeed scanty enough at all times. However, seeing that I was meant to take the ring, I did so, the girl (about seventeen) showing that she meant I should take it from her. Even then, she made no effort to leave, and so, imagining perhaps that she wanted money for some purpose, I offered her a few rupees, which she refused petulantly. I turned to the Hindu sowars who rode behind me and asked what it all meant, but they only laughed unpleasantly, as if to say, "What can a Mussulman and a woman mean except what is contemptible!" so that, angry at their scorn and possible misconceptions, I flung the girl back her ring, and bade her begone. She left muttering, and apparently still anxious to explain; but a troop of horsemen now appeared on the plain, and whirling their long lances round their heads, cantered shouting towards us. The Sikh infantry closed their files, and prepared to receive them; and I went forward to reconnoitre them more closely.

They turned out to be a friendly "jirgah," or deputation, seeking General Roberts; but this fresh incident drove the last again from my thoughts, and, later on, I concluded my march without further befalling.

It was not till weeks after that I thought of connecting the act of the girl with a possible wish to express gratitude for the husband or lover, who had such a narrow escape at my hands. But I never heard any further explanation, nor did those who knew best the Afghan character think this interpretation a likely one.

I suppose I shall never know more of the two beings, who, on that day only, literally, crossed my path.

M. M.

From *The Spectator*.
THE PROBLEM OF ARCTIC LIFE.
[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

Sir,—As you and your readers seem to take great interest in natural his-

tory, I venture to attract your attention to the subject of life in the Antarctic Seas. In an article on "The Problem of Arctic Life," which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 21st, 1895, the following passages occur:—

Granting that highly organized creatures can exist there, it is passing strange that they should consent to do so, or make a voluntary habitation in that hell of cold and darkness which Norse fancy imagined as a place of torment more appalling than the lake of liquid fire. One would have thought Arctic life must cease, because, even if possible, it was not worth living; that there would be a voluntary exodus of beasts, as of birds, before the winter setting of the sun; and the slower moving mammals would go to return no more.

As a curious puzzle, exactly reversing the idea in the foregoing sentence, allow me to give the following information. Between the Antarctic Circle and New Zealand lie several small groups of islands,—the Snares, the Traps, Antipodes, the Macquaries, the Auckland, Campbell Island, Emerald Island, etc. Some of these are mere barren peaks of rock, some are partly covered with low scrub and grass, but almost all of them are nurseries of the sea-birds, which may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands on those lonely places. The penguins especially, in many species, and some of great size, use these islands as their breeding-places. When, during the summer, the eggs have been hatched and the young ones attended to, the younger generation is left on the nurseries, and the adults set out for the lands around the South Pole. They leave in autumn, thin and attenuated with the cares of their families, they go off for the winter to the clime of cold and ice, and they return six months afterwards, fat as butter, to their old haunts. Their squadrons cover the sea for miles, swimming abreast in long columns.

When one part of the bird-army

strikes the first regular resting-place, it appears as if the word was passed along, and the proper inhabitants of the spot collect and take possession; the others wheeling their lines right and left round the obstruction and still pushing northward toward their usual summer homes. The adult birds mount the rocks, push the youngsters of last year out into the sea, and drive them off the beaches. Then the regular breeding business begins again. The curious part of the migration is that the birds go to what we suppose to be a place of solid ice and intense cold in which to winter; but I cannot help surmising that behind the great fringe of ice-cliffs which gird the Antarctic continent, there must be many pleasant bays and fiords wherein the penguins fish and fatten.

It may interest you to know that the great penguin of the Southern Circle, standing with its head as high as a man's waist, hatches its eggs in a peculiar manner. These are not laid upon the ground and brooded on after the manner of most birds' eggs. The female lays two large eggs. The first she hands over to the male bird, the other she keeps. The egg is held on the upper surface of the large flat feet, and is pushed up under the waistcoat of thick feathers. It is there held close to the body, whose warmth gradually vitalizes the young bird. So tenacious are the parent-birds of this grip, that if you knock one of them over, it will fall over on its back with its feet stuck stiffly out, still clutching the egg to its body.

Sir James Hector, F.R.S., has just returned from a trip among these islands. He will have many interesting things to tell scientific men concerning the geology of these little-known localities. Hoping that you will pardon my troubling you with a letter from such a place as the Antipodes, I am, Sir, etc.,

EDWARD TREGEAR.

Wellington, New Zealand, Nov. 21st, 1895.

